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THE NATION

JANUARY 25, 1975 *50 cents*

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'A Pretty Prominent Fellow'
MICHAEL KIRKHORN

Detroit's Dream World
Full Speed to a Roadblock **B.J. WIDICK**

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LETTERS

postscript to Harrington

Columbus, Ohio

As much as I liked Michael Harrington's "Welfare Capitalism in Crisis" [*The Nation*, Dec. 28], I must disagree with one of his prescriptions for ending the crisis. The idea of having "public representatives" on corporate boards of directors is neither new nor wise. It is not wise because it is a cosmetic which does not remedy the basic problem that Mr. Harrington describes—excessive concentration of economic power. There are probably some areas of the economy which should be nationalized; on the other hand, those that are not nationalized should be forced to operate competitively by forced deconcentration. This deconcentration could be achieved by a law requiring interstate businesses to obtain a federal charter which would limit the scope and size of their business. *Robert Stanley Schwartz*

Canadian precedent

Annandale, Va.

After dismissing the kinds of socialism preached by Castro and Mao because they lead "two societies about as different from the United States as it is possible to be," Robert Bellah ["Roots of the American Taboo," *The Nation*, Dec. 28] overlooks the obvious by not considering the kind of socialism preached in the country *least* different from the United States. Perhaps Canada's New Democratic Party (NDP), which governs three provinces and makes its voice heard in federal affairs, can point the way to an acceptable socialism for the United States. *Eric Olaf Hustvedt*

the Con Ed beat

New York City

I write in response to David Kusnet's "Con Ed Cons the Press" [*The Nation*, Dec. 7]. I no longer have carbons of my September 18th story, but I well remember the Pasny consultants' comment about Astoria storage being inadequate, lacking cleanliness in assembly, and construction processes being unsatisfactory. My impression is that I quoted them in the story as written, but that the nonappearance in the story as published may have resulted from editorial cutting. . . .

If Mr. Kusnet read what was printed, however, he might have found other points that would have made it a little more difficult for him to say that the story "failed to explore why the value of the plants had dropped $118 million from the original $500 million."

He would have seen that the first paragraph said that "consultants yesterday estimated that $930 million would be needed for the State Power Authority to take over, finish and start up two Consolidated Edison power plants." He would have seen that the second paragraph said this was "$130 million more than was estimated as the overall cost when the State Legislature voted last May 16 to have the State Power Authority buy the plants." He would have seen that the third paragraph said the consultants estimated that "something more than $382 million should be paid to Con Edison for work it had done so far." The projects both being incomplete, construction has proceeded since then so that presumably Con Edison would claim higher expenditures as of now. Even in September, Con Edison was still hoping to get an eventual $500 million for itself after a takeover. Kusnet seems to be under misapprehensions.

Some of his argument in the rest of his story, at least as printed, seems peculiar. He seems to doubt David Andelman's description that Con Edison was "financially pressed" as of May 16. By that time it had skipped a dividend Kusnet contends it could have paid. Right or wrong, the result was market trouble for its stocks and bonds. He suggests that the Andelman series didn't notice that Con Ed "had been quietly lobbying for a bailout since January." Rather than

(Continued on page 77)

EDITORIALS

The President Speaks

Three aspects of the President's televised address invite comment: the politics, the tax proposals and the energy plan. Politically, the President has challenged the Democrats who have been huffing and puffing but not coming up with much in the way of a specific economic program. What they have proposed is essentially a series of studies to determine what they should propose. Trying to patch over their differences with the AFL-CIO, they have made a rather cloudy reference to price controls without wage controls. The idea has possibilities, but the President has stolen something of a jump on Congress.

Nevertheless, the Democrats are responsible, indirectly, for compelling Mr. Ford to act instead of simply trying to wait out the consequences of ill-considered policies. The November election returns and the catastrophic decline of public confidence in his ability to lead clearly prompted the new economic proposals. It was of course good politics to offer a tax rebate; every taxpayer likes it, and the one proposed by Mr. Ford is less inequitable than might have been expected.

But is it enough to turn the economy around? In 1964, a tax cut of approximately $11 billion was ordered at a time when the economy was beginning to show signs of recovery. To get the same effect today, when it is in serious decline, would require a tax cut of from $26 billion to $30 billion, about twice what Mr. Ford has in mind. And what is the point in offering a $4 billion windfall to business? If the tax rebate and public spending have the desired effect, business will invest without tax incentives. Also, offering tax incentives to invest does not distinguish those businesses that would invest in any case from those that would not. And just how does the President propose to get that estimated $30 billion from the energy taxes back into the hands of the public? All he said was that it would be returned "in the form of additional payments and credits to individuals, business and state and local governments."

As to the President's energy proposals, he has approached the problem in an upside-down fashion. At the moment this country is "at peace," bar some clandestine operations here and there. When a nation is at peace is a good time to conserve domestic oil supplies; or, stated another way, it is not a bad time to import oil. The best way to husband domestic oil supplies is to keep them in the ground. The reserves in the Middle East are said to be adequate for world demands at present levels for half a century; ours would supply us for maybe a decade. National security would seem to demand that just now we import oil and conserve domestic supplies. The President's approach is just the reverse. Moreover, he assumes that restrictions and/or burdens on imports will compel overseas suppliers to cut prices. But they may or may not cut prices. Their spokesmen have been quoted as saying that they could sustain a 30 per cent cut in demand without any reduction in price. But even if the suppliers do reduce prices, does it follow that the big oil companies, the seven sisters, will obligingly pass these cuts along to consumers in the form of lower prices? The

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In forthcoming issues, *The Nation* will publish fair but candid profiles of some of the contenders for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Articles contracted for include Sen. Henry Jackson by Robert Sherrill, Sen. Lloyd Bentsen by Joseph Goulden, Rep. Morris Udall by Joseph Stocker, Terry Sanford by Mark Pinsky, and former Sen. Fred Harris by Peter Barnes. Meanwhile, the number of "mentioned" candidates is lengthening, and there may well be additional entries in the *Nation* "sweepstakes."

general escalation in costs will, in any case, impose a further burden on the economy, more particularly on consumers. And the five-year delay in imposing pollution standards is a gratuitous windfall.

In brief, the Administration, for all that it has changed plans, continues to act as though a few special emergency measures were all that the economy needs in order to be revived and, ultimately, stabilized. But the present situation is a crisis of welfare capitalism; it is a crisis, that is, of the system itself. The President obviously does not believe that structural reforms, both political and economic, are necessary. Nor was there a hint in his television talk that it might be necessary to slash defense spending. Yet even as he spoke General Dynamics was proclaimed the winner in a multibillion-dollar competition to develop a new generation of fighter planes—an award described as the defense contract of the century. And the Administration is not prepared to concede that Detroit may be caught up in a crisis that might be better described as a revolution than a depression (see article by B.J. Widick, p. 70).

Producing Gerald Ford

Aware that he has only a limited time to check the sharp decline in his confidence rating, the President wheeled in special TV equipment, along with expert advisers and coaches, and carefully rehearsed his talk, in the hope of convincing the public that he is indeed a gung-ho leader, a take-charge captain, and that Lyndon Johnson was wrong about him. But despite long and elaborate rehearsals, the "production" was a dud. The setting itself was ill chosen—Gerald Ford is not a man one automatically associates with a library; he seemed uneasy among the bound volumes. Stage and production directors encouraged him to move about, a special device enabled him to look directly at the iris of the TV camera, and he was urged to gesticulate, but the hand movements were so mechanical that the effect was ludicrous. One kept waiting for the next rehearsed gesture to be made—and there it was, right on cue. President Ford is who and what he is; it is pointless to try to concoct an image inconsistent with his basic qualities. His problem is not "delivery"; he finds it difficult to communicate because he lacks the qualities essential to Presidential leadership. So the setting can be changed, the furniture can be shifted about, new props brought in, different lighting effects used, but what will come across is not some new image but Gerald Ford in the flesh. He is a pleasant seeming man, but dull, unimaginative, with no feeling for words.

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It is not a new "style" he needs, but qualities which he cannot, at this stage of his life, acquire by transplant, indoctrination or training. "The New Ford Show" has been described as "smooth and cool" (*The New York Times*); stilted and lifeless would be more apt.

Spying Is Contagious

The cold war stimulated spying of all kinds, in part because the secrecy that surrounded the Central Intelligence Agency generated a mystique that protected its operations and thereby spread the contagion to other levels of government. Now that mystique is being shattered. Each day brings new headlines as the morale of the agency deteriorates and more former agents and victims step forward to tell their stories. Here are just a few examples: the CIA was used to screen personnel for Creole Oil Co. in Venezuela; the CIA read the mail of George Meany, Irving Brown and Jay Lovestone just to be sure that these gentlemen were forwarding CIA cash to various labor contacts in Europe; the CIA kept files on 10,000 Americans.

These and similar items are now routine. Here, however, is one that might make a movie, or at least a television sequence: the CIA tried to recruit a distinguished physician, Dr. Constantine D.J. Generales, said to be the world's first space doctor. He was approached by a young lady, described as an attractive brunette, who presented her card—"Miss Sharyn L.W. Beers, P.O. Box 1894, Grand Central Station, New York." When the doctor showed no interest, his office was broken into, his files were ransacked, and a recording he had made of his talk with Ms. Beers, along with other recordings, vanished (numerous articles of value in the office were untouched). Maybe the CIA had nothing to do with this, but Ms. Beers sounds like an interesting witness for one of the Congressional committees now sniffing around the portals of the agency.

It has taken a long time for the mystique of the CIA to be blown away. The process might be said to have commenced when *The Nation* published the first exposé of the agency—by Fred J. Cook—in its issue of June 24, 1961. Now the revelations are coming thick and fast and the right questions are being raised. The *Yale Law Journal*, for example, has resurrected that portion of Article I, Section 9 of the Constitution which reads: "No money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time," a provision blandly ignored all these years by the CIA. Some years ago, a public-spirited citizen, William B. Richardson, of Greensburg, Pa., brought a test case but the Supreme Court decided in a 6-to-3 ruling that he had no standing to raise the issue. Justice Douglas, who dissented along with Justice Marshall and Justice Stewart, commented that: "History shows that the curse of government is not always venality; secrecy is one of the most tempting cover-ups to save regimes from criticism." And he quoted James McHenry who said during the Maryland debates on the Constitution: "The people who give the money ought to know in what manner it is being expended." As the public is now discovering, it has been spent in some rather odd ways.

The concentration of attention on the CIA carries with it the danger that other forms of surveillance and spying at the local level will be neglected. The fact is that an enormous proliferation, like a plague of locusts, has taken place. The Houston, Texas police admit that they kept files on federal, state and local officials, on newsmen, businessmen and others, including Rep. Barbara Jordan. A grand jury in Baltimore is investigating the spying of the ISD (Inspection Services Div.). In this case the police are charged with spying on officials, including Rep. Parren Mitchell and State Sen. Clarence Mitchell, among others, and on reformers, clergymen and other citizens concerned for the public interest. (Orthodoxy, apparently, requires that each citizen be concerned only with his private interest.) In Texas, the Bell Telephone Co. has been charged with illegal wiretapping. In California, Standard Oil compiled extensive personal files on the leaders of the People's Lobby *and their children.* The People's Lobby had sued Standard, charging it with false advertising. The private detective agency making the investigation is alleged to have had easy access to the files of the California Department of Justice.

These are just the tips of numerous local icebergs. They show that spying and surveillance are highly infectious. The heightened awareness of federal, state and local surveillance activities, particularly for the period since the mid-1960s, is flushing out the facts we need to know. If there is more to come, and no doubt there is, let it all hang out.

Spain – Change Is Near

The date is Sunday, February 16; the place, the Grand Ballroom of the Statler Hilton Hotel in New York. At 1 P.M. the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade will gather for a lunch to honor Steve Nelson, the national commander of the Brigade. Who would have thought, when Madrid fell in the spring of 1939, that thirty-six years later the Brigade would be more than a dwindling memory? Yet here it is, having survived the cold war, red hunts and the McCarthy era, with a list of speakers that includes Harry Belafonte, Leonard Boudin, Maury Colow, the Hon. Miriam Friedlander, Henry Foner and the Hon. Paul O'Dwyer. Franco too is still alive, but nobody is giving a lunch for him, certainly not in New York! Nor will his ambassador attend, for the proceeds will be used for "aid to Spanish political prisoners and their families, and the struggle for a democratic Spain."

The veterans of the Brigade need live only a few years longer, and they may see that dream come true. Without American support, Franco probably would no longer be in power. The hundreds of millions we have poured into Spain, and Franco's army, navy and air force, are all that sustain his dictatorship. And his military power is no longer as monolithic as it once seemed. The army minister, Lieut. Gen. Francisco Coloma, issued a stern order to his officer corps on January 9, warning them against "sowing dissent in the armed forces" and telling malcontents to get out or be ousted. *The Washington Post* correspondent

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who was present at the ceremony described it as "an unprecedented revelation of unrest in the armed forces."

Except in a grave crisis when they may get contradictory orders, the enlisted men don't count in the legions of a dictatorship. But among the officers a generation gap often exists; in the case of Spain it is now exacerbated by the revolution in Portugal. Franco's decision, after his illness last fall, to resume power as Chief of State aroused dissension among officers of all ranks. The Information Minister, Pio Cabanillas, was deemed too liberal, and fired. Another casualty was Lieut. Gen. Manuel Diez Alegría, whose offense was advocating democratic reforms and favoring a "limited existence" for political parties.

Over a tenure as long as Franco's, issues tend to lose interest and impact. People have heard about the resistance in Spain, and the continuing repression, until the unfulfilled hopes for change sound hollow. But tyranny is subject to erosion; change *does* occur. And the most telling evidence is dissension in the military, touched on in this issue by J. Alvarez del Vayo (see p. 73).

It is the captains and majors who must be most carefully watched for signs of widespread dissension. Recent government-sponsored polls of Spanish officers—including one completed last summer after the dramatic developments in Portugal—showed that a majority of captains and majors, many of whom hold advanced university degrees, favor evolution toward democracy after Franco passes from the scene. Education, as always, threatens a repressive regime, and when the danger comes from within it is the more to be feared.

Spain is perhaps the most unstable of all the European nations at this time. As Herbert L. Matthews says, "Spain must begin again." And the sooner the better.

Burton K. Wheeler

The two aspects most important for an understanding of what it was that robbed Burton K. Wheeler's career of its brilliant early promise have been largely ignored in the obituaries. As a freshman Senator, Wheeler denounced Atty. Gen. Harry Daugherty for malfeasance in connection with Teapot Dome and related rip-offs and was named to conduct the investigation, which the Senate approved by a vote of 66 to 1. What then ensued might best be described to younger generations as a preview of Watergate, in which Wheeler played the role of Woodward and Bernstein. An experienced prosecutor, he knew he did not have proof of Daugherty's guilt, but he was convinced it existed. Unlike Woodward and Bernstein, he did not rely on leaks from "Deep Throat" and other unnamed sources, but instead used gossip in the early phases of the inquiry to develop leads that eventually produced an airtight case against the Attorney General. In March 1924, Daugherty resigned at the request of President Coolidge.

In retrospect, the reason for the request takes on special meaning. Since Daugherty had been accused of malfeasance, it was feared that a plea of "privilege" might not keep FBI files out of the hands of the investigators, despite much talk of "national safety." In an attempt to block the investigation, Daugherty called Wheeler "the Communist leader of the Senate," "Stalin's comrade," and "an emissary of Bolshevik Russia." Nor did the attempt to discredit Wheeler cease with Daugherty's resignation. An official of the Republican National Committee—shades of CREEP!—was sent west to engineer an attempted frame-up of Wheeler, who was indicted for representing private interests on matters before the Executive branch of the government. Outraged, a committee of the Senate chaired by Senator Borah completely exonerated Wheeler as, eventually, did a Montana jury. But the Department of Justice delayed bringing the case to trial until after the November 1924 election (the names of La Follette and Wheeler appeared on the ballot and they polled 5 million votes). The attempted frame-up was crude, clumsy and obvious, yet Harlan Fiske Stone, who succeeded Daugherty as Attorney General, insisted on pressing it, testified as a witness, and continued the legal harassment even after the jury's verdict in Montana—a mark against his record and reputation never satisfactorily explained.

As World War II approached, Wheeler took an increasingly isolationist position, but his opposition ended with Pearl Harbor. It is known that Roosevelt would have accepted Wheeler as his running mate in 1940 but Wheeler declined. It was his opposition to Roosevelt's foreign policies that in effect terminated his political career. He was defeated for the Democratic nomination in 1946 by Leif Erickson who, however, failed to win the November election. Foreign policy was not Wheeler's forte; he knew little about it but he knew a lot about witch hunts. What has been forgotten or not sufficiently emphasized is that Wheeler was haunted by memories of what had happened during and after World War I. Appointed U.S. Attorney in Montana by Wilson in 1913, he had shown remarkable courage in refusing to use the powers of his office to hound the IWW and other labor leaders who were the intended victims of the Palmer raids and the red scare of that period. The frenzy against him became fantastic. Ultimately he resigned in order to preserve Sen. Thomas Walsh's chances for re-election. Nominated for governor in 1920, he lost in the Harding landslide of that year but in 1922 won a Senate seat by the largest majority ever given a Democrat in Montana.

It has been forgotten, also, that Wheeler served on the committee which attempted, with some success, to investigate J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI in the period from 1921 to 1924—the only such inquiry ever attempted by a committee of the Congress. He never forgot the hate and hysteria of that time and, as World War II approached, he saw another witch hunt in the making. In this period (1939-40) he and a few other Senators tried once again to investigate Hoover and the FBI. For this effort his office files were broken into, he and his wife were shadowed, and agents sought to stage a repeat of the 1924 frame-up. Ironically, he lost his Senate seat at precisely the time when his knowledge of redbaiting techniques and experience with witch hunts would have been most valuable. And in a sense he was right: in the wake of World War II came a witch hunt far more damaging in its consequences than the Palmer raids had been, just as Watergate is a much greater scandal than Teapot Dome. In his view, wars always triggered witch hunts, which in turn provide a fine cover for corruption.

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Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of *The Nation,* who campaigned for the La Follette-Wheeler ticket in 1924, had heard that Wheeler was a "rampant demagogue." But, traveling with Wheeler, he was surprised to find that he was "never out of patience, never concerned about his dignity, or the honors due him; always quiet, modest, unassuming; always full of anecdotes and reminiscences of the arduous struggles of his political life; to him defeat was a commonplace and victory a stimulating experience." To William Hard, *The Nation*'s Washington correspondent at the time, Wheeler was "not an old young man" but "a young young man. He is politically romantic. He is pugnacious. He is adventurous. . . . There is nothing soft about Wheeler. He would have made a great bucko mate quelling the crew of an old New England China clipper. . . . He is hard-boiled, hard-bitten, hard-headed, hard-fisted, with a tinge in him of the handsome sword-crossing, heart-breaking soldier of fortune." [*The Nation*, July 30, 1924.]

To the end of his long life (he was 92 when he died) he remained lively and active—a New Englander by birth who had earned his stripes in the rough and bitter political wars of Montana. The day before his death he wrote a long letter to Sen. Lee Metcalf commending him for his stand against the concentration of economic power. The Public Utilities Holding Company Act of 1935 (the Wheeler-Rayburn Act) was perhaps Wheeler's greatest legislative achievement, although he will also be remembered for his fight against the Court-packing scheme. But he will be remembered longest and most fondly for the courage he showed in the two incidents of his career about which much too little was said in the notices of his death.

DETROIT'S DREAM WORLD

FULL SPEED TO A ROADBLOCK

B.J. WIDICK

Detroit

As the auto slump deepens, threatening to convert Detroit and Michigan this spring into the worst economic disaster area of the current recession, the attitude of the industry closely resembles that of the "unsinkable" *Titanic* plowing full speed into the iceberg lanes. For two years, the auto makers dismissed signs of consumer resistance to their higher pricing policies, amid the gathering clouds of an impending recession. They underestimated the effect on their industry of last winter's oil and gasoline shortages. Business as usual was the rule for the 1975 models: protect profit margins by increasing prices, and maintain full production schedules—that is, until disaster struck in the fall of 1974.

When the market became glutted with new cars, made less attractive because prices were on average about $500 higher than the already expensive 1974 models, the industry panicked. The collapse came first at Chrysler, then at General Motors, followed by Ford and American Motors. Among the shocks felt by the industry was the pile-up of so-called small cars. By December, Chevrolet Nova dealers had a 130-day supply, Ford Mustang a 145-day supply, Dodge Dart a 160-day supply, Chevy Monza a 180-day supply and Pontiac's sub-compact a 225-day supply. And this in a time of deepening recession.

The huge inventory of 1.7 million cars could be reduced either by price cutting to spur sales, if possible, or by massive production cutbacks. In spite of dealer pressure, the industry stood firm on its pricing policies. It ordered production cutbacks of a magnitude seen only in the Great Depression. In January this meant that around 300,000 auto workers, or 40 per cent of the blue-collar work force, was laid off, with at least half of that figure considered permanent. In addition, thousands of white-collar and middle-management personnel got the ax. The ripple effect in related industries, according to Leonard Woodcock, president of the UAW, is expected to reach 750,000 additional workers in the coming year. Fortunately, Walter Reuther's brilliant collective bargaining innovation, the supplemental unemployment benefit plan (SUB), has for the time being saved both the people and Michigan's economy from the devastations of full depression.

SUB compels the auto companies to add cash payments to a worker's regular unemployment compensation benefits, so that laid-off workers receive the equivalent of 95 per cent of their normal take-home pay. The range of benefits, while they last, is $150 to $170 a week, with about $90 of that coming from the state and federal system, and the rest from the industry. General Motors had paid out $126 million from its fund by September, leaving $102 million for the current crisis. Chrysler's fund was down to $79 million this fall. Ford's plan ($154.6 million) was in much better shape because of Ford's policy in recent years of working heavy overtime schedules rather than hiring extra help. However, after one year of unemployment, the plan ceases to function. At least 1,000 workers a week are now reaching that cut-off date.

The SUB plan has eased the financial pain of job loss, but in Michigan, now in its sixth postwar recession, and still living with the memories of the Great Depression, the psychological effect has been traumatic. Nor do middle-class stockholders feel confident as their blue chip auto stocks sink disastrously low and the prospect looms of dividend cuts. Chrysler is at $7 a share (it's usually in the $35 to $50 range); General Motors at $30 is un-

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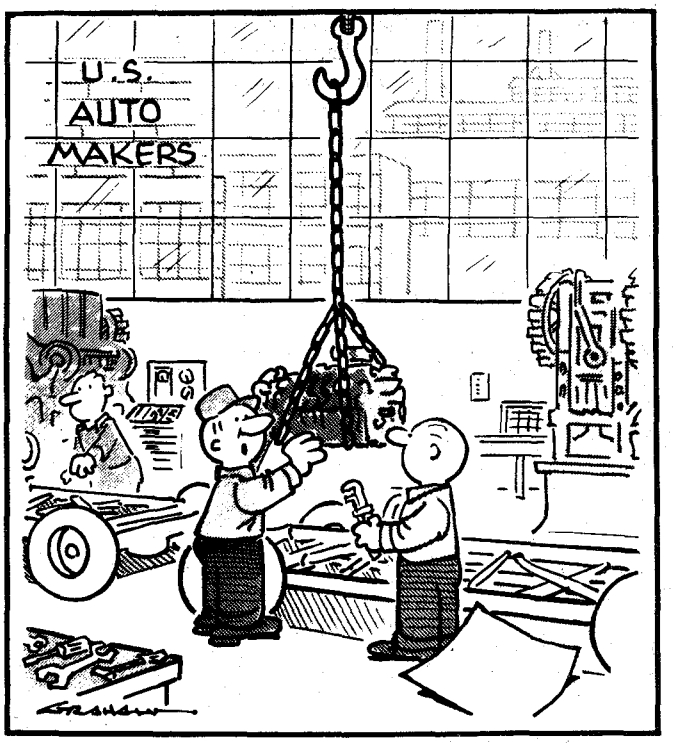
believable to the auto crowd, which thinks of GM in terms of $80 to $100 a share, with fat dividends and Christmas bonuses for stockholders (skipped this year). Ford is down to $33, half its norm, and American Motors sank to about $3 a share, having once been at $60, but in recent years in the $6 to $9 range.

For Detroit, and its first black Mayor, Coleman Young, the blows were the heaviest. More than 50,000 black auto workers are unemployed. Only public pressure kept Chrysler from shutting down permanently its large Jefferson-Kercheval plant, once an employer of 14,000, and now holding on with about 2,500 workers until its demise next summer. Detroit's inner-city unemployment—black—is at 40 per cent. The New Detroit Committee, created after the 1967 riots to resurrect the city, lacks money for its large-scale planning and building programs.

When Henry Ford suggested that the U.S. economy could be headed into a depression, and that total auto sales, including imports, might drop to 7.5 million units, General Motors officials, and much of the Detroit business community, denounced him politely as a doomsayer and in private called him a traitor. But the myth that a free enterprise system could get the country out of the recession suffered a damaging blow when the Big Three executives, joined by Leonard Woodcock, met with President Ford in December. Unless government policy bails them out, the situation is hopeless, the President was informed. L.A. Iacocca, Ford Motors president, recommended tax cuts for consumers, a 20 per cent one-time investment tax credit, and removal of the federal excise tax on heavy trucks (truck sales are slumping from 2.9 million to 2.2 million, according to most estimates). Thomas A. Murphy of General Motors and Chrysler's Lynn Townsend blamed "unpopular" safety features as part of the sales problem. Woodcock urged a tax cut for consumers and a freeze on anti-pollution and safety standards for five years.

In no case were the pricing policies of the auto industry given serious consideration as a factor in the sales decline; nor the fact that millions of Americans who buy small imports agree with the vigorous accusation made by George Romney, when he was president of American Motors, that the U.S. auto industry builds gas-guzzlers and dinosaurs. When the UAW leadership gets its second breath, it seems improbable that it will stick to the narrow view of the industry's ailments suggested by Woodcock's comments. In a society of 213 million people, with 105 million cars and 25 million trucks jamming the roads and fouling the air, and gasoline prices climbing, the view that what America wants is more of the same is not only open to challenge but seems to represent a high degree of wish fulfillment. Furthermore, the easiest and most effective way to hedge against recession is simply to hold onto the present car for another year or two. These are the "unthinkable" thoughts in auto circles, still living in their dream world of "Cadillac complexes" and the dead-hand grip of Alfred P. Sloan's philosophy of boom days.

Big cars, bigger small cars, big prices, big production, big profits and always growing sales—that's the fixation which Detroit hates to shake off, but the shock therapy of 1975 may force changes. It amounts to a crisis in management. The "money men" who had dominated General



Arkansas Gazette

"I Wish We Had Some of That Good Ol' Honda and Mazda Know-How."

Motors and Chrysler—financiers and cost accountants—can't seem to think in less grandiose terms. Bigger cars make bigger profits; a Cadillac yields $2,400 more profit than a Chevrolet, although it may cost only $300 more to build. As a Chrysler marketing expert was recently quoted, "You put a few more bucks into a car, enlarge it and sell it for lots more money." Cadillacs are selling well these days, but the income and wealth distribution of the nation bars most people from the Cadillac market. In fact, they can't, or won't, buy anything at current prices. Car dealers are cutting prices indirectly, by offering higher values for trade-ins. With their inventories bulging they must shave their profit or go broke. Chrysler on January 7 announced a rebate plan, whereby buyers of particular models in its line would receive from the company a check for $300, with an additional $100 to those who trade in a specified model of a competitor's car. This gimmicky scheme will run for five weeks, with different "lucky" models of new and trade-in cars being designated each week.

The American economy and the auto workers in particular are paying a heavy penalty for the resistance to change which marks the top-level management of the auto industry. As Russell W. Patterson, chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality, told a press conference in December, the industry has the technology both to increase fuel economy and to meet air pollution requirements. "We can accomplish both objectives. The auto industry has always resisted change." Aside from "normal" errors like building a Corvair or an Edsel, the industry has built up a public image that no amount of advertisement can easily change. It laughed at Walter Reuther's suggestion of twenty-five years ago

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that it plan for building small cars. They sneered at the "Beetle." "What American would ever drive one of those things," Detroit auto people asked when they saw the Volkswagen. Articles on the small-car challenge were ridiculed.

And when safety became an issue, the auto industry tried to destroy the credibility of Ralph Nader—who turned out to be GM's finest product of the 1960s. They made him famous with their stupidities before Congressional committees. Living in their own tight circles, the auto executives talk with one another and think they are talking to the world. When they snarl at Washington or Nader with the comment, "lawyers can't build cars," they forget the counter punch, "neither can financiers or accountants." Only in the Ford Motor Co., which has a mix in management, does a degree of reality intrude. For his deviation, Henry Ford is intensely disliked by the Old Guard.

Executives with talent—and there are many buried in the hierarchy of the auto industry—can't afford the occasional evidences of independence that Ford displays. They seek to survive in the organizational structure, the endless committee meetings, the empire building, the political in-fightir ong the baronies. The departure of the brilliant John Z DeLorean from GM was the signal that the days of the innovator were over. Perhaps the world will sooner or later learn the full story of DeLorean's attempt to restructure GM, its cars and its policies. Booton Herndon's book on Henry Ford II tells of the firing of the talented Semon Emil Knudsen, who lost out in the factional fight at GM and came to Ford, ran afoul of the Iacocca faction and departed, leaving the company open to organizational and factional rigidity. As the "me-too" company in terms of policy, Chrysler long ago lost its claim to innovations and industry leadership, once its engineering hallmark.

The auto slump is worldwide—the Japanese, the Germans, the English and the French are having their crises too. In the United States, the immediate future depends on political and economic policies stemming from Washington, on how soon and to what extent the economy can be turned around. Nor is there any evidence that, once the economy is healthier, American car buyers will return to the product as usual, only more expensive. The auto industry keeps arguing that their problem is a matter of consumer confidence in the economy, and in a sense that is right. What the auto magnates fail to grasp is that they are one reason why confidence is lacking.

Cries of "we can't do it," hardly inspire faith in the producers of a product, when the public in a hundred different ways has shown its desire for better quality. Of course, the interlocking seat-belt system is terrible, and the emission control ideas are hardly an answer. The Wankel Motor has almost been discarded, but how much of that is due to the way GM executives fought its introduction? How many reputations are involved in making failure look good? (The other way to be a success is for the other guy to fall on his face.) GM in-fighters know this game quite well. GMAD (General Motors Assembly Division) has as many enemies within the company as among the UAW rank and file. How much of the Lordstown troubles were caused by the arrogance of GMAD, and the resistance of the middle managers who were being axed by the home-office gang?

The importance of management in the industry was well expressed by the suggestion of Douglas Fraser, UAW's Chrysler division director, that Lynn Townsend, president of Chrysler, contribute to solving Chrysler's problems by resigning. Until there was a major shake-up in top management of Chrysler in the 1958-59 recession, the company floundered as badly as it seems to be doing now. The inbreeding of GM and other companies' hierarchies has become a source of concern not only of organizational behavior experts but of bank trust departments which long before the current crisis were telling clients to "get out of autos."

About the kindest appraisal made of auto management was published recently in *Business Week*. Otto Eckstein, the economist who produces an econometric model for the auto industry was asked, "Are the salad days over for the auto industry?" He replied, "I don't get too carried away with that idea. I think they will be able to move their product forward. At the moment they are suffering from many troubles. One of these is their inability to change their product fast enough to adapt to the changing energy situation and a lot of other things. They are trying to develop their product to be attuned more closely to what the public wants. But I'm not sure they are trying hard enough." Or thinking of prices attractive to the public.

Eckstein's long-range forecasts are hardly a comfort to the industry: "So you know that some day they will again sell 11 million or 12 million cars." That might be called management's pie-in-the-sky.

In this general context it is inconceivable that the UAW won't come up with its own innovative ideas; it is a union known for its ability to respond to change more quickly than most institutions. Politically, an accommodation with management is impossible. The auto companies were solid Nixonites, and are now Fordites. The UAW symbolizes the best in the left-of-Center tradition of American politics. It knows who its political opponents will be in 1976—the Presidential candidate, the Michigan Senatorial candidates and Congressmen backed by auto money. Even in the short run, the auto industry will want investment tax credits first, while the UAW wants a break for the consumers.

As for product planning and production, perhaps we have arrived again at the point where the union has to start telling management what to do, as Walter Reuther did in World War II and in subsequent negotiations. The UAW once challenged the auto industry to "open its books," and while the union didn't succeed, the issues raised remain pertinent today. Perhaps the time has come to demand, "open management to the public." Surely it would take very great effort for any combination of public, union and other constituencies in policy making to do as badly as does the current roster of managers and directors. What's good for General Motors may be good for the country, if it rebuilds from the ruins of the gas-guzzlers and the air polluters. The age of the dinosaurs is over, and one *Titanic* calamity caused by blind faith in science, technology and management is too many. □

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SPAIN AT THE FLASH POINT

J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Geneva

Present events in Spain encourage the belief, shared by observers from within and without, that before summer the country will experience a major crisis. In fact, the crisis may be said to have begun on December 20, 1973, with the death of the head of government, Carrero Blanco. Totally devoted to Franco, Carrero Blanco was indispensable to the proposal that Spain be shifted from a dictatorship under Franco to another form of dictatorship under a so-called liberal monarchy, with Juan Carlos, who has been selected and educated by Franco, on the throne.

The government that succeeded Carrero Blanco is led by Arias Navarro, who was head of the Police Services and has a name for toughness. But despite its head's reputation, this government is weak—incoherent, torn by dissension and palace intrigue. According to rumors from Madrid, which persist despite official denials, Arias Navarro is threatened with dismissal, the extreme Right finding him too lenient for the situation.

Arias Navarro announced last February a policy of *aperturismo* (liberalization), but thus far the only result of his statement has been that Pio Cabanillas, Minister of Information and considered an *aperturista*, was dismissed on direct order from Franco and against the wishes of Arias Navarro, and that Barrera Irimo, Minister of Finance, resigned in sympathy. Other high-ranking officials also presented their resignations. That seemed the end of *aperturismo*, but Arias Navarro, who has staked his prestige on the establishment of political associations, continues to announce that it will be done. Perhaps so, but if the political associations do come into being, their most probable effect will be to regroup Franco's scattered supporters and other elements that have no real influence in Spain today. In no sense will they constitute a return of free political parties. Franco has used such devices before, but they are less likely to mislead the people in this prerevolutionary time that is rapidly becoming revolutionary.

The point of view of the extreme Right is represented in Spain today by Franco's ex-Minister, Girón, and by Generals Iniesta and García Rebull. Both are now in the reserve, but politically very active. They maintain, and from their point of view they are right, that "subversion" exists today in Spain, and that if the people were allowed any degree of liberty they would quickly try to enlarge it.

This opinion has its supporters within Franco's family, whose intervention in politics is not simply a bit of Madrid gossip. With the weakening of the regime, and of Franco's physical and mental capabilities, the family acts in his name. Its most vigorous member is the Marquis of Villaverde, Franco's son-in-law. Franco's family opposes Juan Carlos for reasons of petty personal ambitions. They prefer Don Alfonso as the future King; he is married to one of Franco's granddaughters and she would then be Queen of Spain.

The original triumvirate behind the dictators—the Army, the Church and the Falange—is today very shaky, partly because of disillusionment, but also because of the jockeying for power in anticipation of Franco's death. The regime's only solid support, the military, is also divided for the first time. It is not easy to know what really goes on, but among the younger officers there seems to be a growing resistance to the idea of using the Army against the people in the event of a popular uprising. On the nights of November 7-8, there were signs of agitation in some sectors of the Army. The unrest was kept well hidden, but several embassies in Madrid came to hear of it.

The fall of the dictatorship in Portugal, where not a single Portuguese came out into the streets to die for Caetano, and the fall of the Colonels in Greece have had great impact in Spain. These abrupt reversals of dictatorial power have convinced many people that "impregnable" dictatorships, once they fall, can be seen to have been undermined at many points. It has also undone the propaganda that a return to liberty means chaos. Chaos, it is said in Spain, is Franco's dictatorship.

But despite its growing weakness, Franco's regime might have hoped to stay in power for some time if a powerful movement for unity had not arisen. This movement, the FRAP (Revolutionary Anti-Fascist and Patriotic Front), unites very different political tendencies under the single banner of fighting the dictatorship and any attempt to restore the monarchy. Its program, of six points, includes a Popular and Federative Republic (to solve the problems of the Basque, Catalan, Galician and other minorities), a thorough land reform and the creation of an army which will not be used against the people. These goals have already brought to the ranks of FRAP anti-Fascists from widely divergent sectors, even some that had previously opposed FRAP.

FRAP promoted the general revolutionary strike, which still goes on. In a country like Spain, such a strike has to be adapted to the realities of life under fascism. It cannot be started on one given day and everywhere at once, for that would allow repression to organize its counterattack. It is therefore a continuous but sporadic strike, one that can go on for weeks or months, surging up here one day and elsewhere on another. Its importance must be assessed in terms of the world crisis, economic and political, which affects Franco's regime internally, with all the supplementary difficulties for Spain of not being admitted into the Common Market because of the nature of its regime. Reports and other information that have come to me from Spain show that the general strike is receiving enthusiastic support all over the country—in the factories, among the peasants, in the universities and secondary schools—in short, among the whole population.

Arias Navarro's government has done everything in its power to keep the strike out of the national and interna-

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tional press. It tries to present this large movement as a simple strike for wages. But throughout Spain thousands of underground bulletins, tracts, newspapers and posters are being distributed, and the people know what is afoot.

Changes occurring within the Socialist party of Spain are also pressing toward an upheaval in the country. These changes became evident at the congress held last October in Suresnes, France, and attended by 150 delegates from Spain. A revolutionary current ran through the meetings, promoted mainly by the young people. The participation of Mitterrand, of a delegate from the Portuguese Socialist party, of a delegate from the Yugoslavian League of Communists, and of the Secretary of the Socialist party of Chile brought to this congress broad international support.

International support for the Spanish people during this final phase of their struggle for liberty is the more necessary because the dictatorship is openly supported by the United States. Returning recently from a trip abroad, Secretary of State Kissinger stopped in Madrid for talks with Franco's Minister for Foreign Affairs. A new, larger and more dangerous naval-base treaty is being negotiated with Spain, as the United States tries to compensate for loss of influence in Portugal. The CIA, which has been so active in Chile and in Greece, is now operating in Spain, but the people there are on their guard against such intrigues.

The only policy that Franco's government can have is that of sustained repression. A recent and scandalous case is that of Dr. Genoveva Forest Ferrat, wife of the Spanish playwright Alfonso Sastre. A committee for international support has been organized with the participation of Simone de Beauvoir, Françoise Sagan, Jean-Paul Sartre, Maurice Clavel and others.

Writing in *Le Monde* of November 18, lawyer Gisele Halimi discusses a report that Genoveva Forest managed to send from prison. She was arrested by the special political police in Madrid on September 16 and handed over at the Dirección de Seguridad to a group of "young athletes" who proceeded to torture her. She was kicked and struck in all parts of her body for hours, days. They shouted at her: "You will tell us the truth, and then you will be thrown out the window and you will have committed suicide." She lost consciousness and was beaten to her feet again. One of the torturers tried to rape her: "You are beautiful," he told her. She resisted and had her hair torn from her scalp. After the tortures she was left in solitary confinement for days and days. "It is the inquisition revived," says the French lawyer.

International Amnesty has sent a delegate to Madrid to confirm these facts, but he was not permitted to see Genoveva Forest. The International League for the Rights of Man has made public a firm protest, but naturally it has received no notice in Spain. If such things happen to a doctor who is also the wife of a well-known writer, what may one suppose is being done to prisoners less well-known? Sastre, husband of Dr. Forest, is also in prison. Before being arrested he said: "If they kill me, my death will be my contribution to the great movement of protest of the Spanish people against this abject regime."

It is not only the Left that runs afoul of the Arias government. At the end of November, fourteen liberals and Socialists were arrested in the house of the banker Antonio García Lopez. They had come together to work out plans for the "Unión Socialdemocrata Española," founded by non-Communists. They were set free after being questioned, but may yet be summoned before a court and charged with illegal assemblage. The arrest provided new grounds for skepticism about the political associations announced by the Prime Minister. Logically, the group arrested ought to be one of those to benefit from the creation of such groups.

The policy of repression has failed. In an article published in the clandestine press, I asked the government: "Are you able to put the whole, I insist the whole, of Spain in jail? If you can, you win; if not, the Spain you cannot imprison will continue the fight." It is heartening to note the breadth of the support for the Spanish people in this final battle for freedom. I have participated at meetings for Democratic Republican Spain in France, Italy and West Germany. In Italy the struggle is followed with enthusiasm by the masses. In Germany the FRAP has committees of support in twenty cities. I spoke in the Ruhr to thousands of Spanish and German workers in one of the most moving demonstrations I can recall in all my years of exile. □

Part of the Anti-Monarchist Campaign Now Being Waged in the Spanish Underground Press

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MELVIN LAIRD

'A PRETTY PROMINENT FELLOW'

MICHAEL KIRKHORN

Though he is nine years older, Gerald Ford might be described as a risen protégé of Melvin Laird. Laird closely sponsored his ascent to House Republican leadership and reportedly recommended him to Nixon for the Vice Presidency. (Laird also has been a supporter of Nelson Rockefeller and is thought to have recommended him to Ford.) The President has said that Laird and their old mutual friend, former Wisconsin Rep. John Byrnes, are two of his five most trusted advisers outside the White House.

Melvin Laird's close friends sometimes call him "Bom." This is a family nickname, an abbreviation of—or an aberration from—an Italian aunt's affectionate "bambino." For no particular reason it stuck. At Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., where Laird was "a pretty prominent fellow" just before World War II, his classmates called him "Bom," though some spelled it "baum" and knew nothing of its origin. Understandably, his critics have also used the name. The Madison *Capital-Times*, bristling guardian of the remains of Wisconsin progressivism and no pal of Laird, once observed, "Since 'Bom' is perilously close to 'bum' one can understand why Laird discouraged use of the name in his political life. However if he continues to advocate stepped-up air attacks on North Vietnam, people who have never heard of his aunt or of Marshfield (Laird's Wisconsin hometown) might start calling him 'Bomb.' "

Percussive and senseless, "Bom" may not be the most suitable nickname for Laird the intellectual, author of a cold warrior's guide to sound behavior called *A House Divided* (1962) and editor of collections of essays groping for a new conservatism. However, it does capture something of the impatience of Laird's "pragmatism," his restless desire for unity, the search for the winning strategy that must be implemented without delay or quibbling because the stakes are very high indeed. Laird's unfailing political skill far outweighs his philosophizing, but the combination has made him a powerful and influential figure in a party now once again demonstrating how much it lacks thoughtfulness and leadership. Moreover, it has enabled him to survive. He has weathered the unkindness of his critics; he endured his tiring ordeal as wartime Secretary of Defense—a job he knew could be a political graveyard. Most remarkably, he survived a steady association over six years with the most dangerously corrupt administration in American history, resigning as honorably as anyone could from Nixon's Cabinet, returning to serve Nixon again as adviser, departing untainted, returning once again as an informal adviser to President Ford. Traces of Laird's influence can be found in Ford's programs (if that is the word), but with the cautious Ford, Laird's sometimes audacious pragmatism becomes a kind of prigmatism, with no ideas to test vigorously and no desire to test them.

These days Laird is enjoying the life of a far-ranging, highly paid journalist. As counselor for national and international affairs for *Reader's Digest* he has published four articles; the fourth, on oil, appeared this month. The November issue included his article about Ford. More than a profile, Laird's piece is a tribute which leaves plain old Jerry almost smothered in garlands. Ford, he said, was a man of ". . . strong beliefs. They were forged during the depression days of his Michigan boyhood, on college football fields, on the decks of a navy aircraft carrier in World War II. There is no secret about what they are. He unashamedly embraces all the traditional American values: individual liberty, self-reliance, hard work, honesty, sportsmanship, sanctity of family, patriotism. He believes that government exists to insure all citizens equal opportunity to live their own lives according to their own lights and abilities, not to plan and control their lives as government thinks best."

When Laird turns piously to the American people who will follow this champion he notes, characteristically, that we possess ". . . a vast storehouse of good will and potential energy, a readiness to make sacrifices—provided the people are shown why sacrifices are needed and why they will be meaningful. The tapping of these great human resources awaits only national leadership."

The times are spasmodic and prediction seems irresponsible, but it might be noted that if Ford or a successor is unable to tap those resources, Laird will be only 58 in 1980. For the present it may safely be said that, while he writes with inspiration about the things he believes and effortlessly avoids the nattering nabobism, Laird probably does not intend to remain a journalist; and he is a man on whom Ford can count.

Laird and Ford are much alike. Of course both are Midwestern conservatives, but that can be a misleading label. The similarities probably run a little deeper than Babbittry, front-porch moralizing, common sense, folksiness and cheerful endurance. Ford must know that he has the forgiving and understanding firmness which Americans seem to like in their leaders when times are hard. Until the photographs of his muffin toasting vanished from the newspapers he enjoyed a gratitude which is embarrassing to recall. Even when he pardoned Nixon he acted as the healer and the reconciler, explaining that he was not content ". . . merely to proclaim domestic tranquillity"; he had to prove his sincerity—and that show of sincerity probably held the reaction to muttered indignation.

But mixed in with the simple virtuousness of both men, their steadiness, their faith in goodness, is something less sturdy—a sort of vague fear that may turn malign. What Laird said of Ford is true for himself: both matured dur-

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ing a depression followed by a war which, since it produced as a full-blown menace the threat from the Soviet Union, has never ended. Laird's writings carry the urgent conviction that the world is dangerous, chaos threatens, the evil and irresolute move freely, the good are restrained, their energies pent up.

When in the late 1960s politicians began seriously to listen to warnings that the cities were falling apart, Laird proposed revenue sharing, which he said would permit "maximum unleashing of the diverse forces within our society." In *A House Divided* he wrote that should the civilization of the West die ". . . in the struggle with communism, it will not be so much an act of murder as one of suicide. The proper epitaph will not be that 'they fought too hard,' but that 'they cared too little.'

"By all objective evidence there exists in the free world today the moral certitude, the physical power, and the cultural values required to roll back the barbed-wire frontiers of the Communist Empire, end its aggressions and finally and fully keep the peace in a world of technological advances.

". . . It seems to be a form of paralysis that is keeping us from measuring up to the tests, and is moving us instead toward the Western world's suicidal decline. The spiritual suicide of an individual occurs when regard for the opinions of others and the desire for personal popularity replace self-contained values as the motives of action. The suicide of a great nation can occur that way too—by giving ultimate priority and heed to the opinions of others in a downward spiral chase for popularity."

Without apologizing for this feverish testament Laird later observed that it was written at a time of confrontation. Presumably the requirements of détente, the armed stand-off, would now soften the rhetoric of defiance. But a political man's ideas do not change very much in ten or fifteen years and it might be supposed that the source of the new Administration's desire for reconciliation, an end to contention and controversy, is this dark fateful vision which needs silent unity to continue the struggle. That perhaps is why the only evidence we have of a willingness to restore some harmony in the nation is the awkward weighting of Nixon's pardon against conditional amnesty for draft resisters (an amnesty very close to one Laird proposed earlier). A divided people cannot, after all, be mobilized.

Overlooking the fact that the politicians of imperial nations often demonstrate a great compassion for the welfare of their countrymen—if only because strong bodies are needed in the Army—one does find something faintly poignant in the careers of men like Laird, Ford and Lyndon Johnson (who wished to be remembered not as the great war maker but as the great educator). Laird, too, has said that he was most pleased with the legislative work he did to improve the health of Americans. From the earliest years his career has been marked by a desire for harmony, but he was drawn into a world where there was very little.

Laird's grandfather was a Republican county chairman in Wisconsin and a lieutenant governor. His father, a Presbyterian minister, later a state Senator, was a man of immaculate reputation. His mother was a member of the state university board of regents. The family owned a prosperous lumber business.

The war in Europe had already begun when Laird enrolled at Carleton, a small school with high standards. Its teachers were chosen for moral leadership as well as academic competence. Vespers and chapel were required. As war approached, one of Laird's classmates recalled, the students tended toward isolationism, but the faculty included a number of Anglophiles and isolationist views were subject to "polite but firm put-downs." A half dozen students who enrolled for a semi-military flying course were driven to the airfield in the college president's car.

Liederman, Long Island Press

Melvin Laird

Laird held class office. He was active and gregarious, "not the kind who would sit quietly by," one student recalled. Eiler Henrickson, a Carleton geology teacher who was a student with Laird, said he pushed through a social co-op which allowed poorer students (Carleton was expensive) who could not afford entertainment to hear the dance bands which played at the college. Laird also was a member of the council which promoted understanding, or tried to prevent misunderstanding, between Carleton's bright students and the carefully chosen teachers who, another student said, "created an atmosphere which was not stuffy . . . but proper."

Pearl Harbor put an end to isolationism at Carleton. Laird completed his education in military programs at two other colleges—St. Mary's in Winona, Minn. and Wellesley—and joined the fleet. He served seventeen

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months aboard the *U.S.S. Maddox* and was wounded in a Japanese suicide attack. Nineteen years later the *Maddox* and the *C. Turner Joy* were "attacked" in the Tonkin Gulf. Laird, a prominent Congressman, said he agreed with Lyndon Johnson's retaliatory raids.

As the war ended Laird's father died. He returned, a wounded veteran, determined to fill his father's state Senate seat. At 24 he was the youngest Senator ever elected in Wisconsin. He sponsored bills for compulsory health insurance, better care for the mentally ill and for more competition in the building industry. The *Capital-Times* referred to him approvingly as a "left of center youngster." Gaylord Nelson, now United States Senator, called Laird "the most formidable Senator on the Republican side"—no great distinction but another sign of his precocity.

At 30, Laird went to Congress and stayed in office nine terms. He was frequently described as a leader of the younger, unorthodox, "pragmatic" Republican conservatives, hard-headed problem solvers who in the Eisenhower years stressed party unity and were "privately contemptuous," according to one account, "of colleagues who put voting their districts ahead of broader party interests." But he was popular at home and continued to win re-election easily. Two months after he moved to the Pentagon, Laird's Congressional seat in northern Wisconsin was won by a liberal Democrat, David R. Obey, whose subsequent margins have exceeded even Laird's.

Eisenhower was impressed by the young Congressman. He sent him to a World Health Organization Congress as an expert on the treatment of mental illness (he was a leader of the movement to treat the mentally ill with drugs and therapy rather than confine them in depressing "hospitals"). In 1963 Eisenhower said Laird was one of eleven Republicans who were qualified to be President. Then 41, Laird said he was flattered.

Laird continued to legislate for health care—cancer research laboratories at fourteen universities were called "Lairdettes" in his honor—but he also continued to be a steady advocate on the powerful House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee of overwhelming deterrence aimed at the USSR. He claimed credit for increasing the number of Polaris submarines and later as Secretary of Defense made such a zealous cause for construction of an anti-ballistic missile system that his mother said, "Melvin, you're scaring people."

Laird's recollections of the ABM controversy are benign and they include praise for good old Jerry. "Few issues considered by Congress in recent years have been more complex than whether to authorize an anti-ballistic missile system," Laird wrote in his essay on Ford. "As Secretary of Defense I briefed Congressional leaders about the proposed ABM program. After all the technical explanations, Jerry said, 'The main issue here is whether we're going to reach an agreement with the Russians about limiting all kinds of missiles. We can't get an agreement with them if they have something and we have nothing.'

"He had cut to the heart of the matter, for that was the principal justification for au[t]horizing the ABM program. Having first been elected to Congress as an anti-

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quiet lobbying, there have been highly noisy bids year after year recently for state approval of rate increases Con Edison has said it needed to get up to rates of return desired for marketing of bonds and for operating.

Kusnet seems to think Con Edison plant has been far more than needed to meet demand. It's possible he was not around during the recent summers when peak demand exceeded capacity to the point where the metropolitan area had power brownouts and blackouts and unintentional power failures. . . .

He says the 1974 *Times* series didn't mention a 1964 Con Ed decision against buying Churchill Falls power from Canada. I assume it didn't mention a lot of other things—without checking back, I would guess it probably didn't mention the earlier proposal for a Ravenswood nuclear plant that got blocked. Kusnet didn't mention that the problem of buying Labrador power also included a need for transmission line capacity. . . .

He suggests that only the March 14th *Post* reported "in depth" on Con Edison's rates being the highest in the nation. Over the years, there have been many stories in many newspapers about that fact. There have been repeated explanations, but apparently Kusnet believes every newspaper story has to repeat everything ever previously written.

He suggests no newspaper has compared Con Edison rates and the costs of producing power independently. Long, long ago I wrote a *World-Telegram* exposé of Con Edison pressures that got rid of diesel power plant competition in part by offering cut rates to projects. . . .

It would be better to have yardstick plants around against which to measure Con Edison operations. I think it was a mistake long ago for the city to give up independent power for the transit system. There were arguments on both sides then. Kusnet doesn't mention that dispute, and I can understand that, because his story ran only something over 3,000 words. An ordinary column in the *Times* has 650 words, and most stories are shorter than a column—but apparently he believes newspaper stories should contain everything while a 3,000-word magazine piece has to be selective.

Peter Kihss

Washington, D.C.

The State Power Authority auditors found "inadequate storage practices, lack of cleanliness during assembly, and unsatisfactory construction processes" in Con Ed's two incompleted power plants.

This twelve-word indictment of Con Ed's incompetence didn't appear in Peter Kihss's twenty-three-paragraph report as published. . . . If he included the quote in his copy but it was edited out, then this decision supports the contention that Con Ed gets easy treatment in the *Times*. . . .

Mr. Kihss maintains that, regardless of whether Con Ed could have paid its dividend, the utility is nonetheless "financially pressed." For any company whose solvency depends on decisions in the marketplace, not the state legislature, it would make a big difference whether management deliberately jeopardized its standing with investors in order to plead poverty with a state administration. Con Ed lives in a world that's fast becoming the new environment of American business—bailout capitalism.

Kihss further suggests that Con Ed's repeated and successful rate-hike requests are equivalent to "quietly lobbying for a bailout." Or else, he suggests the utility didn't lobby for the bailout at all, or didn't do it quietly—it's hard to tell what he's trying to say. In fact, as *Newsday* reported, Con Ed lobbied quietly for the bailout since January. Now we're paying the utility twice, as consumers and as taxpayers.

The story of independent power systems was worth retelling last spring, when Con Ed went on welfare, Co-op City lost its special rate, and Starrett City opened with its own generating plant. There have been new developments since the *World-Telegram* folded, and some of us have short memories.

David Kusnet

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isolationist and having served for years on the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, Jerry of course knew as much about national security matters as anyone on Capitol Hill. But he has repeatedly demonstrated this capacity to get down to the core of a problem, whether it concerns defense, taxation, agriculture, health, education or welfare."

No great intellectual power was required to grasp the argument that ABM was needed to bring the Russians to negotiations. Obviously Laird was praising not only this disputable and disputed insight but an attitude as well. To a national politician of Laird's background and inclinations, the act of cutting "to the heart of the matter" or getting down "to the core of a problem" as crucial as ABM entails much more than the radical empiricism of philosophical pragmatism. It requires courageous recognition, defying, in this case, those who could not stomach another upturn in the nuclear arms race. For to a man of Laird's views the true and abiding question always lies beyond the immediate issue: how in a dangerous age does one discover an order which will match and turn back the coherent fanaticism of the Communists?

In a chapter from *A House Divided* called "Beyond Freedom," Laird trots out the Athenians, who were willing to die, "if needs be, in order that the future freedom of life and mind in Athens might endure." Then he draws this parallel: "Now, it is said, the central issue is no longer your, or my, or any individual's willingness to sacrifice life to assure the future of those who would survive; for the bomb, we are told, means that no one would survive—not you, not I, not humanity itself. It is said the conflict we face with such dread today would mark not the end of some things to preserve others, but the end of all things. . . . It is claimed that the antagonists in our modern conflict are not the Communist Empire and Western civilization, but humanity and nuclear destruction. . . .

"Has Aristotle's sense, then, in our era been made nonsense? Does the bomb now mean that life, even without a measure of quality, is worthwhile so long as it at least inhales and exhales . . . ? Is the crisis in the heart of the bomb or in the heart of man? These are the supreme questions. . . ."

Laird complains that scholars were not thinking about these questions. "Reason," he wrote, "is shattered by emotional fission, as soon as nuclear fission is discussed." He mentions the German scholar Eric Voegelin and guesses that this realist "would view atomic war as merely the ultimate—so far—example of disorder. Even so, atomic war is not a novel disorder. For example, in the religious wars of Europe, one-third of its population died. Virtually all of the people of the city of Magdeburg, for instance —estimated at some 40,000—were eliminated in just one of that era's many mass exterminations. There was, in short, a Hiroshima centuries ago, and its devastation was not nuclear nor impelled by materialist ideologies. . . . Today's disorder, as Voegelin's study *(Order and History)* indicates, is not the responsibility of the bomb. It is a disorder of man's spiritual climate and his passions, a disorder that would be familiar to humanity in any age."

Laird makes his point again by citing Gandhi and Polycarp, Bishop of Rome, executed for refusing to "deny Christ and swear allegiance to the cult of the Roman State," this time with the modern conservative's scornful disdain for the softening and vulgarizing invidiousness of statism and economism:

"These men fought for an inner integrity that no social security or medical care program ever could provide, a housing loan enshrine, or a corporate vice-presidency afford. This is not to make the absurd claim that material needs can be ignored; Gandhi wanted a higher standard of living for India's people. The bearing of the proposition is far deeper—that material security or material benefit can be deified only at the risk of losing the values that make life meaningful."

Spiritual disorder is the enemy, Russian communism the adversary. This in itself might explain why Laird would have been willing six years after publication of *A House Divided* to give up a brilliant legislative career and become Secretary of Defense—this, along with party loyalty and personal dedication, because Richard Nixon, like everyone else in the Republican Party from Barry Goldwater to Nelson Rockefeller (if those can be considered extremes) was a friend of Melvin Laird, and could rely on him.

When he resigned, leaving the office to Elliot Richardson, he had presided over the ending of the draft and a reduction by 1.2 million men of the armed forces. The military budget had been reduced proportionately from 47 to 30 per cent of the national budget. The only mark on Laird's record was that he had permitted the reporting system which was used to carry on secret bombing in Southeast Asia. At times he seemed dovish. Nixon ordered the invasion of Cambodia in 1970, though Laird advised him not to, and while Laird never admitted it, he was said to be opposed to heavy bombing of North Vietnam in May and December of 1972. But his reluctance usually was attributed to shrewd political instincts which told him that this war was a political disaster and should be ended as soon as possible. And there was another reason: he felt that the United States should be finished with Vietnam so that this preoccupying and draining conflict would not distract the government from its real threat—the Russians.

He returned to Wisconsin and there were rumors that he might run for governor against Democrat Patrick Lucey. Wisconsin Republicans were desperate for a candidate whose face was known—a celebrity like astronaut James Lovell or former Green Bay Packer hero Bart Starr, both of whom were mentioned. But certainly Laird could guess that the Republicans were in for a whipping. "He couldn't have won back his old Congressional seat," said *Capital-Times* publisher Miles McMillin. He did not run and the GOP candidate, former Madison Mayor William Dyke, was easily beaten.

What will Laird do now? His record is clear. He is 52. He has never been defeated in an election. He served honorably in a dishonorable government. He has powerful friends. Despite the frequently callow quality of his writing, he is one of the Republican Party's few reputable intellectuals with political experience, editor of *The Conservative Papers* and *The Republican Papers*. He might emerge as a voice of purpose and hope in a party

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without much of either. Conceivably he might join the Ford government. One can assume he never will be far away. His friend Nelson Rockefeller will be either the Presidential candidate or retired by 1980, and nobody can foresee the requirements of 1976.

But the immediate question is how well the Ford Administration can survive if it retains the style of those pragmatic Republican problem solvers who came to Congress after World War II. The absurdities of WIN, for example—the emphasis on mobilizing support with inspiring slogans, of voluntarism, of the belief that an unshakable union of interests exists somewhere if only it can be found—all carry a thick coating of Lairdism. Americans may be willing to make sacrifices, but a government which relies on sacrifice and good will cannot stir the country to do anything.

Watching Ford perform, one wonders if he or any of his advisers has ever thought much about the country. One recalls Laird's unsurprising comments on inflation. In 1966, two years after he had chaired the Republican Platform Committee, which produced Barry Goldwater's program, Laird said inflation was the result of government spending; in 1973 he said inflation was a good problem, the result of foreign currency coming into the American food market.

And of course a government with ideology, of sorts, and no working programs could, if it were permitted, take a dangerous turn. The search for transcendent order (which came to be embodied in the Presidency); the constant looking outward beyond the immediate issues, which become objects of arbitrary manipulation; the magnified threat, the overriding emphasis on unity—these were some of the elements of Watergate.

For the time being, however, Laird remains behind the scenes, and probably finds that a very comfortable place to be. □

ILLEGAL ALIENS

'LATE ON A MOONLESS NIGHT'

CHRISTOPHER BIFFLE

The United States has a real problem with illegal aliens. In one three-week period last fall, according to the *Los Angeles Times,* 47,000 deportable aliens were arrested in ten Western states. More than half of them were picked up in California and most were Mexican nationals. To anyone unfamiliar with the ways of agribusiness, that may seem like a remarkably large haul in a very short time. However, from my own observations in the fields last summer and fall, I would say that there are five or ten, perhaps twenty illegals laboring undisturbed for every one arrested. I have worked in the fields with hundreds and hundreds of these men and women and have never seen one apprehended.

The United Farm Workers, the group I worked with, has no real answer to the "illegal problem." Cesar Chavez has repeatedly complained that union strikes are broken by large numbers of illegals. The UFW recognizes their exploitation, protests against it, and suffers great hardships from their presence.

The legal position is deceptively simple: these workers have no right to be in the country; they should be ferreted out and sent home. The human problem is however more complex and profound: Mexicans come over because it is to their advantage to do so; that is, it is to their advantage to work like slaves and live like animals, and the border will not restrain them as long as their home conditions remain what they are. The problem is made even more difficult because it is to the convenience of agribusiness to have at its disposal an illegal and easily oppressible labor force.

We were driving, late on a moonless night, through endless Gallo vineyards toward a little house where we had heard there were, incredibly, forty illegals. We were working on a small, unsuccessful UFW strike in Northern California. Among the four of us, we possessed widely varied degrees of experience; mine was, according to my companions, the least.

During the day the rows had fanned endlessly past the car; now it was so dark I could not even see them, but I could feel their presence giving off a cool, vegetable silence. I kept my silence. I was playing three scenes over in my head. We arrived; they would not let us in. We arrived; they dove out the windows. We arrived; they let us in. Then, the forty of them gave us a terrible beating.

Though I had only a little experience I had enough to support any of the three possibilities. There is no way to foretell how men, and they are mostly men, who are helpless and full of fear will react to the presence of even sympathetic strangers. I had heard stories about illegals, who were probably as poor as these, beating up union people near Coachella in Southern California.

We found the house; it was somewhat newer than I had expected, a dirty white stucco sitting by itself under a huge, dark oak. We drove slowly into the back and saw four or five strangely unsurprised young men staring into our headlights. They were sitting and standing near a wrecked Ford convertible. We turned around, drove under the oak, and left the car pointing toward the road. Two of our group who spoke the best Spanish went inside. I stayed in the car with the third who was younger and a cripple. What I had come to do was get inside, take a quick roll of pictures, and leave before we caused them, or they caused us any trouble. I had no idea of the education that waited for me.

Christopher Biffle, who teaches philosophy at San Bernardino State College, is completing a book about the farm workers.

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As we sat there, two young men came up to the car. They wondered who we were. I said, in Spanish, that we were with friends who knew some of the men inside. They seemed to accept this but they still stood beside our windows, looking in. It was hard to think of anything more to say. We knew they were here illegally and any of the normal conversational questions might strike them as hostile. I couldn't ask them where they were from or where they were working or how much money they had made, or where they were going after the crop was picked. And they didn't seem to know what to say to us. It was a good first lesson on the status of illegal aliens. They are almost completely isolated from the populace of the land in which they work, both by language and by fear. *Any* stranger is a potential enemy.

After a few more minutes of awkward silence one of the two who had gone inside came back to the car and told us we could go in. He said I could probably take all the pictures I wanted.

Everything was changed. I walked around to the front of the house, patting one of the young men on the back who had come up to the car window and asking him happily if he didn't want his picture taken. Someone pulled aside a red cloth from a window and looked curiously at us. I smiled at him. I could hear a very faint radio playing Mexican music inside. We walked across the porch and opened the door.

What I encountered was hideous, and I choose the word carefully. The room smelled as if the men had been shipped in a packing crate from Mexico. It was long and narrow, had probably once been the living room, but now was crammed with rotting cots and mattresses. The walls had large holes where the plaster was smashed in, some of these had been patched with bits of cardboard boxes. Fifteen or twenty men were sitting in this one small room, most were stripped to the waist and sweating. They looked at me passively and laughed a little in an embarrassed way. I began to take pictures.

All the beds were sheetless and coverless; most of them were very thin mattresses on cotlike frames. The mattresses were old, filthy from having been slept on without a covering, and many were split apart, spilling their filling. I could see small black bugs everywhere on them and inside them. None of the men objected to our presence. They were extremely, almost pathetically, polite. They offered us something to eat and, of course, we accepted. Nearly all of them, they said, had come to work in the grapes.

They had one very small stove in the kitchen. One of the men was standing over it, cooking a furiously frying chicken. There was an ugly black spot on the wall behind the stove as if there had once been a grease fire. The cupboards had no doors and contained a surprisingly small amount of food for the number of men.

There was one bathroom. The toilet worked but the bathtub didn't. No one who has not worked in the fields can imagine what dirty work it is. One feels gritty and miserable after the first hour. By the end of the day you are wet with sweat and whenever you move you can feel the dirt. There is hardly anything in life that seems more necessary, at that time, than a bath. So far as I could tell, these men tried to wash as best they could with a garden hose.

The walls in the house seemed to have been painted white at one time, but they had all turned a muddy color from years of dust and sweat. There were no closets; the men had strung clotheslines across the corners of the rooms and had hung their work clothes neatly over these. In fact, the astounding thing was that there was no real mess anywhere, though the whole inside of the house had been made uninhabitable by seasons of use. Nothing was thrown about, shoes were put carefully under beds, the food in the cupboards was neatly stacked, the floors may even have been swept. It created a very strange sensation. Here were far too many men brought to a terrible and ruined house who nonetheless were trying to live as neatly as possible.

Everything in this house seemed drowned in smell; it made the strongest single impression. The walls seemed to have gone dark with it and at first it was choking. It was the rank, powerful odor of men who had worked in dirt and this was laid, season after season, on top of the smell of the food they cooked—a smell of sweat and lard and then the reek of the mattresses and dank plaster that had absorbed these smells.

After we had been there awhile two women came in the back door. One, who was large-boned and laughed too easily, was an Anglo; she said, laughing, "My parents would kill me if they knew I was here." The other was shorter, had very dark, deep-set eyes, and was a Chicano. At first she didn't say anything. She had brought in a can of beer and sat down on one of the mattresses with the man who had been frying chicken. After I was finished taking pictures I sat down and talked to her.

The first thing she said was that in two weeks there would be 100 men there. She said most would sleep in the dirt in back. I shook my head and she said of course it was terrible but there was nothing else they could do. The girl said she had two children. She didn't have any place to go either. Her eyes were rimmed with tears. Her children, she said, were sleeping in the wrecked car.

She told me that labor contractors, or coyotes as they are called, had brought the men up from Mexico. The fee, per man, was $225 for the one-way trip. I had heard this figure before in Northern California and I have come, finally, to believe it. The common price in Southern California seems to be about $100 less. Some men who come at the wrong time make only enough money to pay back their coyote.

These men, however, were doing fairly well. They were being paid $18 per ton of grapes and most could pick 2 tons per day. The point, of course, is that they had no place to spend it; they were afraid to go into town. Several said they sent most of it back to Mexico.

The girl told me that some of the men in the room had swum across the Rio Grande, but that most had walked through the holes in the fence and then been picked up at predetermined points. Two had come across in the trunks of cars. She thought it had become easier to bring men across in the last two seasons. She knew people in town who did it almost as a hobby. That was the word she used. They went down there, brought back five or six

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in a pick-up truck and then dumped them off anywhere they could in the fields—like puppies they no longer wanted.

As we left she wanted to know what I was going to do with the pictures. I asked her what she wanted done. She said she wished they could be shown to someone who would make sure that people wouldn't have to live like this. □

AMERICA'S HEALTH

CO-OPTING THE PLANNERS

EDITH BIERHORST BACK

Since 1967, American taxpayers have paid $400 million for a national network of public agencies charged with assuring that excellent medical care is available to everyone. New legislation provides another $375 million for the next three years. From the outset, the agencies were captured by the health industry which used them to entrench its cartel and to protect the industry from public surveillance.

Comprehensive health planning was born in the storefront battle posts of the War on Poverty, where consumer control was the rallying cry of the workers. But today the community workers have become "planners," operating out of carpeted suites of offices at the far end of town from empty storefronts. More than a decade ago, anthropologist Arthur Vidich wrote that one way a society can prevent radical change is to increase the social distance between would-be reformers and the poor by giving the reformers positions of high prestige and material comfort, while giving the poor as little as is politically practical. Nowhere has this process been more in evidence than in the conversion of community health workers into a bulwark of the medical establishment against community demands for change.

Health planning agencies are supposed to make certain that the vast sums paid for the purpose by the federal government are a help to everyone. During the seven years or more of their operation, the nation's health bill has risen from $42 billion to $94 billion, the federal share increasing more than threefold, to $34 billion. The public paid for the care of the aged and the poor, construction of health facilities and medical schools, medical research and the education of doctors and other health professionals.

Where is the quality medical care available to all that this money was to buy? Lorin Kerr, president of the American Public Health Association, recently described the problems of our system of health care as "infinite, chronic and worsening." Here are a few of them:

¶ Urban areas, with 73 per cent of the population, have 86 per cent of the doctors.

¶ More than 80 per cent of poor people with medical problems are receiving inadequate care, or none at all, according to a recent study by Meharry Medical College.

¶ The amount of medical care delivered in hospital emergency rooms and out-patient clinics increased from 10 per cent in 1955 to 25 per cent in 1970.

¶ The nation has 67,000 empty hospital beds because the poor and the uninsured are refused admission; payments by those insured include the cost of the empty beds.

¶ A fifth of all doctors, half of them partially licensed, are graduates of foreign medical schools; they hold 40 per cent of the jobs in public hospitals. That is because American doctors refuse the jobs.

Where were the health planners while all this was going on? Who are they and what are they doing now? There are as many definitions of health planning as there are planners. They range from "planning is what a planner does," to "a matter of thinking ahead," to "advising those responsible for making decisions and taking action." A favorite of mine, from an article by academic planners Franklin Zweig and Robert Morris, is "a means by which the cognitive processes are mobilized so as to produce problem-specific plans that meet the innovative role expectations for both specialism and holism"—which translates as "using your brains to come up with something dealing with the problem."

Whatever planning may be, federal legislation has defined the quasi-regulatory job that health planners are supposed to do. The Hill-Burton Act preceded Comprehensive Health Planning legislation by twenty years and contained the seeds of the concept of relating federal health expenditures to a plan to meet a public need. The Act called for an agency in each state to determine the need for hospitals and to review Hill-Burton applications in relation to that need. It also called for assurances that hospitals constructed with these moneys would admit some people who could not pay for the services. Since 1947, this program has subsidized $4.6 billion worth of hospital construction to meet a shortage of hospital beds.

The states did not comply with the regulations and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare did not enforce them. Today, as construction continues and costs keep rising, hospitals across the nation are one-fourth empty. It has taken court action to get a handful of poor people admitted to hospitals constructed with Hill-Burton funds. Those first planning regulations, never taken seriously, atrophied from disuse.

Legislation of the mid-1960s authorized agencies to plan for all health needs in their regions and to relate federal expenditures to those needs. For the first time, the goal of planning was stated to be health care to all. Further, HEW's obligation to set and enforce guidelines

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was more explicit. The most richly endowed of the new planning agencies were the Regional Medical Programs (RMP), promoted by the medical school faculties, who convinced the Congress that, if only practicing physicians could be exposed to their wisdom, the American people would be rewarded with better care. Knowledge was to spread from university centers, bringing to doctors in the field the latest in research and technology, while at the same time still further advances were being financed.

Originally, RMP was to disseminate up-to-the-minute information about the biggest killer diseases: heart, cancer and stroke. By 1970, acknowledging that the public needed its doctors to focus on more basic things than open-heart surgery, Congress shifted the support from specific diseases to problems in the distribution of health manpower and the delivery of primary and emergency medical care.

Apart from $21.8 million in administrative ("planning") costs, the RMPs have spent $664 million for research, seminars for doctors, seed money for demonstration projects. They have a reputation for funding projects rejected by more exacting agencies. And their planning staffs often provide grant-writing know-how to put a poor proposal into acceptable shape for another funding program. The health research publication, *Health-PAC*, has dubbed RMP "the WPA of the medical schools."

The 1970 shift of emphasis did not change a situation which enriched the medical establishment. A typical project was recently reported by Dr. M.D. Mott of the Rochester, N.Y. RMP, who spent two years determining the ratio of doctors to population in his rural region. After acknowledging a doctor shortage, the RMP funded a large program to train nurse-practitioners and physicians' associates to provide medical care. A worthy project, no doubt, but one which allows physicians to remain in lucrative urban specialties, while the government pays others to provide services doctors are reluctant to deliver. Another similar project, financed by the Louisiana RMP, trained nurse-practitioners to work in private pediatricians' offices. Critics of such expenditures have gone so far as to suggest that practicing doctors pay through income taxes for all medical education, since it is they who profit from the work of interns, residents and the new health professions who free them to treat cash customers.

It is generally agreed that the public has received little in return for the millions invested in the Regional Medical Programs. A 1970 evaluation done for HEW by Arthur D. Little, Inc. concluded that the RMPs had no focus, were simply a mechanism for dispensing money, and were making no impression on health systems. Regional Medical Programs have been threatened with the ax since Nixon impounded their funds in 1972. Lobbying and court action freed this money, and Congress, whose outrage over Nixon's action was fanned by the lobby, passed appropriations for 1973 that were the highest in RMP history.

But new legislation, passed by the lame duck Congress and signed by President Ford on the January 4th deadline, eliminates both Hill-Burton and the Regional Medical Programs. Their reduced functions will shift to the Comprehensive Health Planning (CHP) agencies. As a result of widespread dissatisfaction with the state of planning, HEW and the Congress last year began to notice these relatively dormant CMPs, spread from coast to coast.

There are fifty-six state and 218 area Comprehensive Health Planning agencies, called "A" and "B" agencies respectively, after the subsections of Public Law 89-749 which created them. The A's are governmental bodies, usually an arm of a state health department; most of the B's, like the Regional Medical Programs, are publicly financed private agencies. Both have been controlled from the start by the providers of health care.

This control was assured by a limiting clause in the original legislation, by board composition, by nongovernment status, and by financial support from the medical establishment. HEW calls Comprehensive Health Planning "the people's advocate." The planners are supposed to work with all interested parties to define the health requirements of their areas and to produce plans to meet them. They were expected to do this, however, within the restrictions of the so-called "American Medical Association Amendment," added not only to CHP but also to RMP legislation. That is, their missions were to be accomplished "without interfering with the patterns or the methods of financing, of patient care or professional practice, or with the administration of hospitals."

Not content with the protection of the "AMA Amendment," the profession has maintained close watch on and active participation in the CHPs. The law requires that B agency boards consist of local government representatives, providers of medical care, and consumers in a "partnership for health," consumers to comprise 50 per cent plus one of its members. But while it is clear who a provider is, the dispute over who is a consumer has never ended. The consumers on these boards are overwhelmingly professional people. Wives of doctors and lawyers are also favorites. Millionaires perform their community service on B agency boards.

Minority representation is also required on B agency as well as RMP boards. Frequently one finds the same small handful of black community leaders on every board in town, with the result that they have little time to devote to any of them. An example of this can be seen in an action of the Louisiana RMP board, which postponed for three years a program required under Medicaid laws for screening and diagnostic services to children of welfare families, the larger number of whom are urban blacks in Louisiana. The rural members of the board joined conservative medical members to veto the plan, while the urban blacks, who could have swung the decision, failed to inform themselves or to show up to vote.

It is the planners, the agency staff, who seek out and invite membership on their boards. Many of these "advocates" complain of the naïveté and lack of technical knowledge of lay board members. The staff and the medical people, who make it their business to know the facts and protect their interests, turn a glassy stare on the rare person from a poor community with enough moxie to speak up before the community's greats, asking questions like, "How will poor folk get out to the hospital? There's no bus line." Few speak more than once, and as they leave the boards, they are replaced by more reasonable members. The providers can be counted on to understand

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the complexities of computers and to speak the jargon.

Lay boards not only create the illusion of community control but also of public accountability. Few ask whether consumer representatives are answerable to a constituency. An added hindrance to accountability is the private nonprofit corporation status of B agencies and RMPs. Congress justified this status because medical providers are thought to feel uncomfortable when dealing with bureaucrats. Another reason, ingenuously stated by Rep. L. Richardson Preyer (D., N.C.) in a letter last fall to the president of the American Public Health Association, is "to avoid the salary restrictions of governmental merit systems." (It is not unusual for staff in these agencies to earn twice as much as top government officials in their areas.) A third reason is to keep the reins tightly in the hands of the federal executive department, which funds the local agencies directly.

Besides board composition and private agency status, another requirement of B agency administration assures control by vested interests: the agency must raise 25 per cent of its budget locally. A look at the contributors tells who the agencies must answer to: hospitals, nursing homes, insurance companies, medical societies. In short, the health care providers, with the aid of the planning experts, do the planning. What are they supposed to plan?

CHP agencies, both A and B, have the legal authority to approve or disapprove proposals for all federal funds for health in their states or areas, the decision having been made according to a plan to meet the need. For several reasons, few exercise this authority: health planners view themselves as mediators of conflicting interests and shy away from any action that smacks of regulation; domination by medical providers has forced them to keep hands off those providers' proposals; and finally, few have ever made any plans.

HEW's evaluative study of last spring found that, after seven years of operation, only 4 per cent of the CHPs in the sample met its modest performance standards at levels above 75 per cent. Louisiana's A agency rated among the highest, a health plan for the state being one of the reasons for its score. In May, with the evaluators on the way, its board had quickly adopted the chapter on health of "Goals for Louisiana," written in 1970 under a grant from HEW's Department of Education. No one could argue with this concoction of platitudes, and particularly not the national officers of the arch-conservative American Association of Councils of Medical Staffs who were among the state's medical interests which wrote it.

Other states that could not show as neat a package tried to meet the intent of the law. A agencies in Massachusetts and California held public meetings, canvassed consumer groups for representatives on their deliberating bodies, and included the views of all in their final statements of health needs and plans. Others, like West Virginia, made no pretense; their staffs have plodded on for years without plans, goals or functions. But even when an agency has a plan, it takes rosy thinking to believe that it will be translated into action. Decisions to act are inevitably political, and these "advocates of the people" do little, if any, politicking.

Since the agencies have made no plans and have not picked up the mandate to examine proposals for health moneys coming into their state, it is often difficult to say what they actually do. They spend much time surveying health facilities, yet a B agency health planner in New Orleans was unable to say recently how many emergency rooms there were in the community.

One clear-cut function of the CHPs is spelled out in 1970 amendments; they are to review and comment on all plans for capital expenditures that exceed $100,000. The amendment was the result of growing concern over unnecessary hospital construction which had driven up costs and produced an excess of beds throughout the country. If the B agency decides, and the A concurs, that a medical facility is not needed, its sponsors may build, but they lose interest and depreciation costs in computations for Medicare and Medicaid payments. This is no small matter, for hospitals increasingly finance expansion with borrowed money. Thus, a negative finding generally means rejection of a proposal to build.

Besides federal law, twenty-three states have "certificate of need" laws. One B agency official said it is very hard to turn down a plan to build a hospital. There are political pressures. There is fear of public reaction to the rejection of a new hospital whose public relations office promises the latest equipment and finest emergency room in the community. The public rarely objects to a new hospital, since there is comfort in knowing there is one nearby in case of a local disaster. Because of insurance reimbursements the effects on the public pocketbook are not readily apparent.

Perhaps the greatest weakness of the CHPs is that they react to proposals by others, rather than suggest alternative ways to meet needs. Few issue public statements to the effect, for example, that a neighborhood health station might be more in order than an addition to a hospital in a wealthy suburb. Indeed, few make any public statements, announce their deliberations, or invite public and press to their meetings, though the law requires that they be open. HEW's evaluation described CHP relations with the press as "less than adequate."

If the deliberations of these bodies were better known, it might be possible to penetrate the aura of professional expertise and raise some basic questions. For instance, there is something to be said for the argument that overbuilding is not what produces empty hospital beds, but rather the cost-reimbursement method of payment for hospitalization and the exclusion of the poor from hospitals. To claim higher rates from third-party payers (Blue Cross, Medicare, etc.) a hospital must show higher costs. These costs rise, not in patient care but in capital expenditures and salaries. With health manpower in short supply, the hospitals must compete for staff by having the most up-to-date facilities and equipment and offering the highest salaries. The money-losing services, such as nursing schools, emergency rooms and premature nurseries, are cut. At the same time, hospitals take a hard line by refusing to admit patients who lack insurance or large cash deposits. Thus, services decline as the cost to the taxpayer rises. The financing of medical care is one of the very areas put out of bounds to the health planning agencies by the AMA Amendments, and yet they are

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charged with containing rising costs by curtailing unnecessary construction.

Another question arises: will slowing construction bring costs down? Limiting expansion by government regulation may protect the existing monopolistic hospital industry by restricting the entry of new and possibly more efficient means of delivering health care. The American Hospital Association has since 1969 pressed for stronger certificate of need laws and even the establishment of regulatory bodies to treat the hospital industry as a public utility, subject not only to growth control but to rate setting as well. AHA support of such a plan has been seen as motivated by a desire to reduce competition and entrench a cartel. Public utility regulation could become a tool of the medical industry as such regulation has historically been a tool of others—AT&T, gas and electric companies, the railroads, etc.

The new National Health Planning and Development law sets up machinery to restrict growth and provides for rate setting in a few states. In this way, the hospital industry is getting the governmental regulation which will protect it from competitors. Seventy hospitals closed in 1973 and, unheard of in the past, three hospitals declared bankruptcy in 1974. A report by InterStudy, a research organization, concludes, "This is only the beginning." Debt has become the primary way to finance hospital growth, and has increased from 33 per cent of all construction in 1966 to 60 per cent in 1973.

The giants, then, squeeze out their competitors, and certificate of need laws help by prohibiting new entries in the field. The health planning agencies, prodded to stop rising costs by prohibiting new construction in areas that abound with empty hospital beds, are then turned into agents of the monopolists. And the method of payment by government and nongovernment insurers aids the giants by reimbursing them according to formulas based on their ever rising costs. HEW pushed the CHPs and sponsored the legislation to give them the regulatory role. At the same time, HEW has defended and expanded the cost-reimbursement payment system that has made overbedding profitable.

In 1972, HEW's top officials were replaced with staff from the White House Office of Management and Budget, starting with the new Secretary, Caspar Weinberger. Under Secretary Frank C. Carlucci and his Office of Comprehensive Health Planning Director Eugene J. Rubel expressed horror at the shambles of the OCHP when they moved in. Rubel told a gathering of health planners that they had to make this system work to hold down costs, "lest the Congress seek much stronger, and in my view unsatisfactory intervention techniques, such as a complete government takeover."

But HEW's scripts are wet with crocodile tears. The largest grant in its history has been approved for Newark, to create an improved system to deliver medical care under Medicaid in a network of interrelated facilities and services. The most interesting feature of this $54 million plan is that it changes method of payment for noninstitutional services from the present maximum fee basis to the same cost-reimbursement method that has driven up the price of institutional care elsewhere.

Under new legislation, the CHPs, renamed "Health Systems Agencies," will regularly review institutional arrangements to determine whether there are shortages or excesses in relation to a health plan. If an institution does not conform to the plan, the agency is to appeal to public spirit and reason to achieve voluntary compliance. In short, there are no teeth. However, the new law prohibits acceptance of matching funds from health care providers and gives the agencies the job of promoting alternatives to fee-for-service and hospital-based medical care. These attempts to stimulate competition and to remove provider control will depend upon HEW's administration of the program. It took Congressional prodding to move HEW toward administering two other programs with similar goals, enacted into law in 1972.

Legislation authorizing assistance to Health Maintenance Organizations—prepaid group practice under a new name, to mollify those who helped outlaw such practice in a number of states—could add competition to the health industry by creating alternatives to the present system. HEW began only in 1974 to fund some "feasibility studies" in this area. Professional Services Review Organizations (PSRO) require peer review of doctors' activities to assure that the public pays for appropriate and necessary services. It took HEW two years to designate the geographical areas in which PSROs were to be set up.

Whether HEW can be forced to fulfill some of the promises in CHP legislation will depend upon public pressures other than those of the medical lobby. These seem to be on the horizon as some consumer advocacy groups are looking into comprehensive health planning. The Health Research Group, a Nader organization, has begun a study. The Center for Law and Social Policy and its National Health Law Program held seminars last year to show attorneys how to use comprehensive health planning laws to force the system to meet its promises. "The potential impact of CHP is unprecedented," says the center. Their attorneys conclude that improvement and enforcement of health plans are the best strategy.

Richard Posner of the University of Chicago Law School urges his colleagues to be aware of the possibilities of breaking up the health cartel to assure a competitive market. He advocates removing restraints on competition: on advertising, on the provision of care by nondoctors, on the flow of nonmedical capital into the medical industry, on who may become a doctor, on methods of pricing that doctors are allowed to use—all of which limit supply and raise the cost of medical care.

Another response from the legal profession comes from David B. Warren of the University of North Carolina, who thinks it possible to hold health departments "legally accountable for the health of the community in ways not previously contemplated." A promise lies dormant in comprehensive health planning laws: a clear mandate for community control and for a plan to meet the public's health needs. Fulfillment depends on activities in the political arena, where the lobbyists for the health industry can be confronted by a lobby for the public. Under current arrangements, comprehensive health planning provides a cushion that prevents confrontation—a velvet cushion on which providers and planners sit and play games that cheat the American people. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?

WORDS AND FACES. *By Hiram Haydn. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 346 pp. $8.95.*

EMILE CAPOUYA

Thirty years in book publishing! Reader, have you never been moved to exclaim, at the sight of some aged block whose fine patina was acquired under the gooseneck lamps and fluorescent lights of publishers' offices, "Ah, if only this old editor could speak"? Hiram Haydn could, and did, in this posthumously published memoir.

I myself lost nearly a quarter-century while keeping the flocks of Admetus in the Augean stables of the book business (these admirable metaphors are taken from an author's letter now in my files). When I am properly seasoned, and the gnarls and whorls show a high gloss, I too shall write my memoirs. For the sake of its revelations the blind will squint and reviewers learn the alphabet.

They order these things better in Britain. Sir Stanley Unwin, who in life coldly informed associates, "I never make a mistake," and one Sunday morning, being seated in his office and observing flames and smoke rising from a building across the way, telephoned a colleague: "Barabbas? Unwin here. Few London publishers are in their offices this morning. I'm in mine. Yours is on fire. Good day"—Sir Stanley nevertheless wrote a charming and useful book, *The Truth About Publishing*. Well, not the whole truth, but he did mention matters of tare and tret. Moreover, he printed, by way of epigraph to the work, the improving verses that begin:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to publish, sir," she said.
"And have you a fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My verse is my fortune, sir," she said.

And the further adventures of the foolish virgin in the case are an epic in little, representing with historic accuracy the love match between author and publisher, each party comporting himself after the immemorial manner of his kind.

But Hiram Haydn was an American editor, and different rules apply. An American editor, while no unicorn or griffin, is nevertheless a very special creature; until recently his analogue did not exist in British and Continental publishing houses. He has entrepreneurial functions that in the Old World are still generally reserved to the head of the house, and with those functions go powers to negotiate—with authors, with book clubs, with paperback reprinters—and, in the best case, powers of decision. These are usually exercised within a collegial system that is designed to put some restraint on the editor's presumed lust to dispose of the company's assets, or to consult his own knowledge and taste. By and large, though, senatorial privilege is likely to prevail: you mumble approvingly about my books and I won't grumble about yours. (Editors fall into talking about "my books" because they fall into thinking they have written them. In my time I have written upwards of forty a year, in this highly technical sense.)

Now, a man who has risen to entrepreneurial functions and plans to rise further is not usually disposed to hide his light under a bushel. He lets it shine forth among men. And the habit follows him when he comes to write his memoirs. Whereas in the reminiscences of British publishers the principal actor is somehow remote and impersonal as Her Majesty's Government, when an American editor is at bat he feels he has to be sincere and give the world the inside story of his professional life and hard times—even detailing his few, forgivable, mistakes. The Briton is lord of all he surveys; the American has been persuaded to take to heart the Talmud's suggestion, "If I am not for myself, who will be for me?" So it was with Hiram Haydn.

But why was it so? And why is it so with us generally? Thus far I have been suggesting that the American book trade selects a particular kind of man for the job of editor, and tends to reward him in proportion as he approximates the ideal. But every human institution works in just that way. The interesting question is how any one institution arrives at the standards by which it judges its members. In the case of book publishing, even within a single division of a single house, the applicable standards are many and nuanced. But in the trade department of a trade house (publishers' jargon for the department and firm that is responsible for "general literature" as opposed to technical or specialized books), the many standards revolve around two assumptions. Since they are assumptions, they are seldom examined. But, "Show my head to the people," Danton told the executioner, "it's worth looking at."

The first assumption is that the businessmen who direct most American publishing firms have better things to do than bother with books. As it happens, that is true. They must worry about the bank rate, awkward stockholders' meetings, the possibilities of useful mergers, and just lately, union busting. But since the products they sell are books, someone must acquire books for their firms to sell. Someone must deal with those difficult people, authors, and perform the various tasks of clerkship that together make up the editor's trade. In a given case, the businessman hires the work done—that is, he hires an editor. A really big firm has dozens of them. Since the businessman hires the work done, he tends to feel a certain natural contempt for the work and for the person who does it. Regrettable, but life is like that. However—and here "life" shows itself to be in some respects even-handed—since he feels contempt for the work, and, more important, is not performing it himself, he loses touch with it. He forgets that acquiring books for the firm, the editor's highest function, and the one most generously rewarded, is an unnecessary one. Any going concern can get all the books it wants without troubling to "acquire" them. What are authors to do with their manuscripts if they do not offer them to a publisher? The publisher need only commence operations by issuing a few decent books, or simply announce his intention to do so, and the authors must bring their productions to him. He could say to his highly paid editor—who has an expense account and a secretary, and possibly an assistant—"Begone, thou zed, thou unnecessary letter." He could, but he doesn't know it.

Persons acquainted with the operations of the book trade will have spotted an apparent flaw in this analysis. Manuscripts may come into the house without the huffing and puffing of an editor, but one can't simply publish any and every scrawl that arrives in the mail. Someone must select the likely candidates. And for that task a man or woman with a literary education or a keen sense of the

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market or both would be useful, surely?

Yes indeed, but the flaw is no flaw, for it is notorious that publishers do not trust the judgment of their editors—Hiram Haydn bemoans the fact in this book. Publishers have institutionalized their distrust in the practice of submitting manuscripts to "outside readers," whose principal virtue is that they are outside. I have done a good deal of such free-lance reading in my time too, and I must say that I still feel astonished at the faith that a book firm is willing to place in the opinions of a reader who has no direct responsibility for what may follow if the house takes his advice. And if the house puts such trust in the outside reader, doesn't he belong inside, in the editor's chair? No, for if he were thus translated the house's faith in him would evaporate. (All this applies more particularly to judging works in the English language; when it comes to foreign books, publishing firms obviously have to get an opinion from someone who reads foreign tongues, and that may mean going outside the house. However, the greatest part of my free-lance reading has always been in English, and every trade firm for which I worked as an editor routinely sent novels, of all things—and written in English—to be read by outside readers.)

One of the effects of the system is that the publisher's distrust of the editor's judgment is largely shared by the editor. If he likes a book, somehow he has to get readers' reports that back his opinion, but that practice tends in the long run to undermine his self-confidence. His judgment is not merely aesthetic but commercial, and after many outside readers have disagreed, as in the course of years they must, with his belief that this or that book is likely to prove attractive to other persons, he grows philosophical—which is to say confused. In any case, the editor's employer is in the odd position of paying him a salary for acquiring books that would probably come to the firm without his intervention, and for selecting them according to the promptings of a faculty the publisher distrusts, and the editor rather distrusts too.

The second assumption is that books cannot be printed and sold to the public before an editor has edited them. Not merely chastened their spelling, but made substantial changes in them, either by persuading the author to rewrite, recast, reorder, or *manu militari*, himself smiting the offending text until it says uncle. That assumption is also correct, but it wasn't always, and alas that it was not. What benefits might have been secured to us if Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare had been dealt with severely in their own ages by well-trained editors—as that inspired German improved the Bard's

. . . books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

to

. . . stones in the running brooks,
Sermons in books,
etc.

The assumption was not always true, but now it is, and an anecdote of Haydn's about William Faulkner and an earlier one from another source will suggest how significant the new truth is.

The late Lenore Marshall said that, as a very young woman, working in a publishing house, she was given a manuscript of Faulkner to edit—he was then unknown to the public—and she set down queries and notes and suggestions in great number, and sent them off in a longish letter to the author. Who replied, "Who the hell are you?"

Hiram Haydn reports that while he himself was working at Random House many years later, a problem of some delicacy arose when the firm decided to have Albert Erskine succeed Saxe Commins as Faulkner's editor after Commins' death. How would the great writer take the change? Well, he took it like a man. After the first working session with the new editor, Faulkner marched into the office of one of the heads of the house and declared, "I got more help from Mr. Erskine in an hour than I've ever before experienced."

Now, William Faulkner may have been acting in the best traditions of Southern chivalry, or he may himself have been a victim of the new truth. But during the time that elapsed between the incident recounted by Lenore Marshall and the one recorded by Hiram Haydn, Faulkner had come to believe either that editors have a literary function, or that people thought so. And it is understandable that his opinion should have evolved from who the hell are you to delighted no end (whether sincere or just courtly) because during that period it had come to be the rule for American writers of great talent to be illiterate as well—as it was the exception when Theodore Dreiser was the lone Titan capable of perpetrating a sentence like, "She turned back, resolved to hunt up Storm and King and enter." And of following it with, "On the way she encountered a great wholesale shoe company. . . ."

Reasonable people must agree that editing is much too important a function to entrust to editors. It is clear that editing is and must be the business of authors—if literate ones can be found. But in our time authors are often like the nobles of the *ancien régime*. They have taken the trouble to be born, and they mean to take no further trouble. So the semi-literate editor supplies the deficiencies of illiterate authors. That will explain how I managed to hold editorial jobs in the book trade for twenty-odd years.

And during that time I frequently heard authors complain that they had not been *sufficiently edited* by their last slavey. They did not often make that complaint of me because I was most severe upon deviations from my own highly idiosyncratic standards of English style; as for structure, I knew that I was licensed to kill and hacked about me with abandon. Not seldom, too, I had the satisfaction of receiving touching testimonials from men and women with twice as much learning, wit and imagination as I could lay claim to, out of gratitude for the topiary rage I had visited on their manuscripts—in obedience to the principle that whatever the author had written would not do. I'm sure that Hiram Haydn was often complimented in that way. But neither of us could have had the pleasure if talented writers in this iron age generally thought it their business to write.

So we editors took on airs. Publishers depended upon us—somewhat. So did authors. Or, to recapitulate, publishers regarded us as indispensable parasites, sensing uneasily that we were getting away with murder while charging for our arcane skills like brain surgeons or auto mechanics. On our part, we felt for the publisher the awe inspired by men of power, not unmixed with the contempt of the cultivated *famulus* for his barbarous Roman master—we thought ourselves cultivated, though a smattering of ignorance on all subjects was our stock in trade. Authors we looked upon essentially as children ("But why can't my book on endangered species be garnished with emu plumes?"), spoiled rotten, to be cajoled or chastised as occasion offered. In turn, the author found us a buffer state between him and that imperialist the publisher—and also a capricious uncle who gave or withheld treats according to the phases of the moon. An uncle, moreover, who was sterile, possibly a mule, possibly a capon. For the most illiterate author knows well enough that there is a great gulf fixed between the man who writes and the man who turns the thing written into something marketable. Wonder ye then at the fiery chase? What should an editor be but vain, shrinking, assertive, apologetic, testy, conciliatory, proud and humble, a Lucifer crossed with Uriah Heep?

Let's look at the bright side. First, most of the men and women who work as editors in publishing houses do not correspond to the portrait I have been drawing. They are modest, sensible peo-

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ple, fulfilling a task that calls for a certain disinterested attention to what other people have created, a certain tact in dealing with the conflicting demands of their employer and the authors on whom the publishing enterprise depends. Self-effacement is their professional habit, anonymity their professional honor. The star system, whether among editors or authors, is not of their making, and indeed they can scarcely be said to participate in it. Then, in the special case of Hiram Haydn, an undoubted star, it is clear from the evidence of his activity recorded in his memoirs—the names of many of the writers with whom he was associated, and his service as editor of *The American Scholar* during most of the time that he was working in book publishing houses—that he was a substantial man. All things considered, he may have been the best kind of man that our way of publishing books has to show. By virtue of his function, and his manner of carrying out his function, he made a substantial contribution to the common culture.

Criticizing the quality of that contribution is an ill thing to undertake, since it is among the many things about which intelligent persons may reasonably differ. In any case, the critic must begin by acknowledging that Haydn accomplished a fair lifetime's work, under the less than ideal conditions that confront us all in this conditional world. The man himself—I mean the professional man, for I never met him and know nothing of his private character—seems to have been neither a Philistine nor a provincial, but a lover of letters. And since he had been a teacher during his younger days and for many years thereafter conducted writing courses at The New School, and kept up a wide acquaintance among teachers and academicians through his editorship of *The American Scholar*, he seems not to have been marked by the almost instinctive distrust of learning and of intellectuals that was a feature of most of the publishing firms that I worked for at one time or another. On his own testimony, too, he was a warm advocate for the books and the writers he liked—which necessarily means, in publishing terms, a warm advocate in the face of resistance on the part of the man who was paying his salary. That, in turn, means moral courage. I have seen samples of that virtue in publishing houses; I trust that the men and women who exhibited it will have their reward in Heaven, since it was not much prized here below. And Haydn's literary opinions, insofar as they find expression in this book, are generally intelligent and sensitive, beyond the standard required for a successful career in book publishing. All in all, Hiram Haydn must have been, professionally speaking, *sans peur et sans reproche*, an exemplary figure, not typical but nevertheless representative in that he embodied an ideal recognizable to the members of his craft and regarded by them as estimable. The wonder is that he got away with it, flourishing in his trade to such a point that he became a publisher himself, first as one of the founders of Atheneum, and later as in some sort a coadjutor of the head of the firm of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

I think I know how Haydn managed, and that is where the good news ends. Captain Voss writes that, voyaging in *Tilikum*, his converted Indian dugout canoe, he reached Durban, South Africa, and in the open roadstead was hailed by the master of a tug ranging offshore in search of business:

> When within hailing distance, the captain on the bridge bade us good morning, and asked where we were from. "Victoria, B.C., Canada," I said.
>
> "By Jove, you have got a nerve!" he ejaculated.
>
> "Absolutely necessary to get along in this world," I assured him.

Voss was joking, for he was not getting along too well, but Haydn did have a nerve and got along fine. What is more, he was pretty full of himself. He was a star, and being full of oneself, as far as my observation goes, is the essential trait demanded for that high calling in publishing houses. In Haydn's case his bumptiousness probably made up for those virtues that should have got him the sack when he was still young in the trade. Just as we see few tough guys past 30, most of them being reformed or dead by that age, there are few veteran editors who entertain literary opinions. The decrees of the market, artificial and manipulated as they know them to be, are for them the Law and the Prophets—for what good is a book that does not sell? A young man leaves college, his mind stocked with the best that has been thought and said, and he gets a job as a first reader in a publishing house. If he has the right stuff, in a year's time he has forgotten the best, etc., or else has learned to feign innocence. But if he doesn't have the right stuff, he takes to comparing each new novel, let us say, with the books that were his soul's aliment while he was an undergraduate, or shrinks visibly from those books that obviously bear no comparison with them. And he doesn't last. I worked in quite a decent house once in which there was a young woman serving as first reader, and she simply could not get the signals. Her trouble was that she liked books, in the honorific sense of the word, and did not understand that anything printed, bound, and sold to a purchaser was a book in the only sense that mattered in our trade. She was discharged, and no one was surprised when it turned out that she had some talent as a poet—that is to say, was no better than she should be. But Hiram Haydn, who appears to have been equally handicapped by some gift for authorship and some familiarity with the cultural achievements of the race, had the advantage of the self-confidence that is a form of ambition. A spirit of that kind shines out like lightning from shook foil. Publishers are as susceptible as other men to the impression it creates. They quite regularly engage persons who possess it for the highest editorial job within their gift—as a quick census of the trade will show. I think it no slander to suggest that not all of those editors have Haydn's learning in equal measure with his moxie.

What does it mean to work modestly and devotedly in a trade in which Hiram Haydn is an exemplary figure? And here I must formally disclaim ever having worked in that spirit myself. In my time I was eaten up with ambition, and too sinfully proud to yield to it. In

MOMENTS, LIVES

Wind in my face, my hands.
I feel like a fence post charred
to the heart by lightning.
The noise of a Model A comes into my ears
like a new sound upon the earth.
There is no time like the present.
An old man who remembered
The Chisholm Trail like yesterday once
called me Button.
And I stood there stamping among the horses,
deep inside the center
of that moment, breathing steadily in
and out in the bright air.

Wayne Dodd

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consequence all my energies went into a kind of Stakhanovite productivity—in the right country I might have been named a Hero of Soviet Labor, Book Division. I offer these personal notes partly as a foretaste of my memoirs, but chiefly so that this discussion will not be contaminated by the *suspicion* of sour grapes; my mouth was permanently puckered. But the reader can take it as the straight goods that whatever preferment I achieved in the book trade had nothing to do with the modesty and devotion I did not display, nor with the workhorse virtuosity I did. A bit of autobiography bearing on this point ought to be conclusive.

In one firm where I had labored for seven long years, a newly installed vice president dropped into my office. His disarming greeting was, "How long do you plan to rest on your oars?"—I think that was the word he employed. At that time I was responsible for a regular forty books per year, was in charge of a translation program that added another ten, was editor of a poetry series, eight more, and in general charge of paperback reprints, say another twenty: in round numbers, seventy-five, and I leave out the odd book or two that every editor gets assigned to him by the house in each publishing season by reason of his blue eyes. Since in those days twenty books was regarded as a reasonable annual quota for an experienced editor, I thought I was in a position to have some fun with my superior. I told him that I had not had a raise since the Pleistocene, and that I had promised Mother never to stir except for folding money. So I would just carry on with my feet on the desk, mustering the energy to light my pipe now and again, but nothing in the way of work. Then I found that he could take it as well as dish it out, for he left me with the mild remark that I could suit myself, but as far as he was concerned, no cure no pay. Well, if he had not known when he called on me that I was pulling like a Percheron, he undoubtedly informed himself on the question shortly thereafter. But since publishing houses do not value the ability to keep down the overhead by working inexpensively, noiselessly, and endlessly, he saw no reason to capitulate. When I left the house some months later, three men were hired to replace me—occasioning, I am sure, equal satisfaction for all concerned. At any rate, that experience seemed to me to confirm what I had suspected, that honest toil, even as a by-product of bad emotions, was fated to be its own reward. I gave it up, and from that moment began to rise in the world of book publishing. I grew to be, or possibly sank into being, an executive, and ultimately a consultant—a transition from performing merely ceremonial duties to none at all. I was in a fair way to become a publisher when the stock market dipped in 1970, putting out of play the investors in whom my demonstrated ability to live like the lilies of the field had inspired the necessary confidence. I have regretted the vagaries of the business cycle ever since, for I fancy my talents show to best advantage in the boardroom.

So it is in no invidious spirit that I ask what it must mean to work modestly and devotedly in a profession in which Hiram Haydn is a figure so exemplary that he writes his memoirs and gets them published, to be one of the many sensible men and women who do most of the serious work in trade publishing houses. It seems to me that it means a lifetime of doing in little, as it were, what Hiram Haydn did on a grand scale—attending to the care and feeding of a subliterary culture. For that is the real business of a successful trade publisher, a business to which quite genuine, quite remarkable literary talents can be and are made tributary. The essence of literary talent is the ability to see what is before one's eyes, a work of prophetic instinct. The essence of subliterary talent is the ability to represent agreeably or strikingly what can be seen while denying the prophetic instinct; and that generally turns out to be what everybody is seeing this year, a product of convention. In some eras prophetic instinct is prized and rewarded, in some eras not. As for the ability to evoke conventional truths, I imagine that except in those cases in which an entire people contrives to live for a season at the pitch of passion, as in a crusade or a revolution, and is therefore impatient of convention, that gift is money in the bank. What the Marxists call false consciousness is, in the cultural sense, a perennially marketable value. Book publishers are chiefly in the business of marketing just that value. The central example, of course, is that of the branches of imaginative literature, but it is no less true of works of social theory, history, psychology, politics, cooking. If a competent publisher is unfortunate enough to have on his hands an author who shows genuine insight in any field, and teaches as one having authority and not as the scribes, he markets that author's work by assimilating it to other works that have no such unprofitable virtue.

Here is a telling instance of the instinctive ingenuity of publishers in that regard—and by publishers the reader must understand here all hands in a publishing house, from the copywriters on up: I was once stuck with acting as editor—it didn't take much acting, the book came to me ready-made—for a man whom no one had ever heard of, and who was unmistakably a writer of great power. Naturally, his novel went, as the publishing phrase goes, nowhere. But a year later he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. Thereupon the publisher managed to sell the unsold printing by advertising the book as the work of a winner of the Nobel Prize. What the author's talent could not accomplish the label did, assimilating him to a conventionally recognizable, conventionally marketable value. Angels, I take it, are beyond weeping, but may not flesh and blood find this story lamentable? Nevertheless, from the publishing point of view, the entire treatment of the book and its author makes perfect sense, from the initial salutary neglect to the prompt pouncing on the windfall from the Swedish Academy. I hear the book trade ask helplessly, "Then what can the fellow mean?" He means that the incident took place in the world that Hiram Haydn, his fellow stars, a much greater number of modest and devoted colleagues, and your servant helped to fashion by their activities great and small.

Hiram Haydn's memoirs are very nearly unreadable—this from a reader trained to read the unreadable, inured to it, professionally concerned with estimating degrees of unreadability and selecting appropriate means of marketing what resists being read. Haydn is writing about a subject in which I have a compulsive, a morbid interest, the American book trade; he is an artist in his way, for I very nearly cannot read him. His style is approximately that of the better sort of jacket copy, which appears to coin its own clichés. The new-minted commonplaces step out like gallant soldiers, report smartly, retire—indistinguishably hollow. It appears that he had some talent as a writer of fiction. Quite possible, for that is a very different business. At any rate, *The Hands of Esau* was praised by discerning people, and, as I recall, sold well. I did not read that book, but I did read Haydn's *Report from the Red Mill*—in manuscript, and under circumstances that give a further insight into publishing as she is conducted. The manuscript was sent to me, an outside reader, by its publisher-to-be, for an opinion about its literary merits and its probable chances in the market. He informed me that he was withholding the name of the author, that of a well-known and successful writer. It was well that he did, because I was not blinded by the author's fame but saw that the book was pretentious flummery—a disquisition on Hell, manner of Dante, Milton, or at least Sartre, but falling short of the effects achieved by those

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worthies, in part because the style was better suited to the adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu. I said as much in my report, and the book finally appeared under another publisher's imprint, when I recognized the title and learned that I had defamed Hiram Haydn. Why had the first publisher accepted my literary opinion but not my further advice, which was to publish the book, for reasons I specified, and which did me little credit? I think he was a romantic, and did not sufficiently appreciate that what he would be offering for sale was not Haydn's novel but Haydn's reputation, which reflected a previous successful book of fiction. If the house promoted the book energetically, it would probably do well enough—reviewers still very generally take their cue from the copy on the book jacket; foolish phrases of mine have in that way echoed from coast to coast—and Haydn might eventually write another decent novel, as I take *The Hands of Esau* to have been.

In any case, a lust for the gossip of the book trade is required to see one through Haydn's recital of his publishing experiences. I have the requisite passion, but it barely served. Haydn was not much troubled by intellect, or perhaps was simply not given to reflecting upon his life's work, which comes to the same thing. What the reader misses is any indication that Haydn understood what he was up to in terms that could not have been endorsed by a qualified public relations man. Necessarily, his most important revelations are the ones he makes unawares. For example, he devotes a good deal of space to the ingratitude of authors. What had they to be grateful for? Why, his enthusiasm, his active sponsorship of their cause—in competition with other authors' causes—and the little attentions one pays to one's more profitable writers in the way of dinners, theatre tickets and, so help me, flowers. Well, fair enough. Everyone likes to be appreciated, editors as well as authors. But how were these writers to show their appreciation? After all, most of them were not on expense account as Haydn was, and it might have been hard for them to respond in kind. But Haydn made everything easy. All they had to do was not desert their editor by taking their books to rival publishing houses when it seemed advantageous to do so. Or not choose to remain with their present publisher when Haydn found it advantageous to change jobs himself. Haydn tears your bosom with stories of warm friendships gone West through the ingratitude of the party of the second part. Names that shall live in infamy.

But hold. As the grim litany proceeded, and the spirit of my old trade again took possession of my soul, so that I sorrowed with Haydn and cursed his recreant authors, suddenly I remembered what all the fuss was about—this business of the fidelity of writers to their editors. Writers are a form of property, what a first-magnitude editor trades upon in bargaining for salary and perquisites. And unfortunately they are not fixed like real estate but movable, so that thieves may break in and steal, and even automotive, so that they can walk away. Imagine working in a profession in which one's property—despite one's enthusiasm, one's advocacy, one's little attentions—*can walk away*. Come to think of it, my racier colleagues used sometimes to refer collectively to the authors whom they served as, forgive me, their stable. So those warm friendships were, if the reader can pardon a further indelicacy, commercial. And since writers come as smart as editors, particularly when their first book is behind them, Hiram Haydn's writers sometimes concluded that, commercially speaking, he was not all the friend he should be, and left him for a warmer friend in another publishing firm. But what is man, that thou shouldst be mindful of him? He is cut down like the grass, and his place knows him no more. □

An Austrian Rebel

AN OPPOSING MAN: The Autobiography of a Romantic Revolutionary. *By Ernst Fischer. Translated by Peter and Betty Rose. Introduction by John Berger. Liveright. 418 pp. $12.50.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK

Early in *An Opposing Man*, his partial autobiography which ends a quarter of a century before his death, Ernst Fischer poses a vital question and gives an answer.

"Why," he asks, "this account of a race against death, and a highly insignificant one at that, when millions of my

George Woodcock is a historian, biographer and literary critic. He is editor of Canadian Literature, *author of* Gandhi *and a study of Aldous Huxley. His* Who Killed The British Empire? *has just been published by Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co.*

Blue Collar Community

William Kornblum

With a Foreword by **Morris Janowitz**

An in-depth exploration of the complex social organization of the steel mill community of South Chicago by a man who lived and worked for over two years in this ethnically and racially diverse neighborhood. Kornblum examines the way employment and socialization patterns alter traditional ethnic divisions in the society, pinpointing labor unions and ward politics as two major forces encouraging this melting-pot process.

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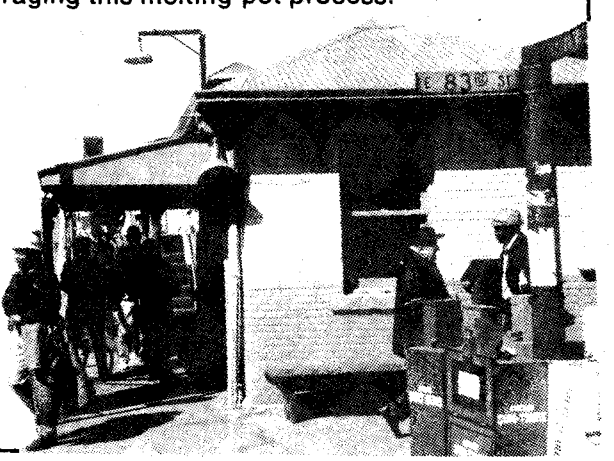

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contemporaries lost that race in so ghastly a fashion, when millions won it against far greater odds and when, indeed, it would better behoove one who has never been imprisoned in a concentration camp, never been tortured, never fought as a partisan or guerrilla, to remain silent in a world whose continents are but a single scream from out of the hell of systems, orders and structures?"

He answers his own question with the remark that "I derive courage from the conviction that every one of us, however insignificant, is yet of some importance, that the individual race against death has now become a collective one and that humanity, even if medical pundits have predicted its decline and its mutilation, must not be allowed to lose that race."

Out of Fischer's decision to speak up in spite of his misgivings has emerged *An Opposing Man*, which I believe will take its place as one of the great autobiographies of the century—perhaps all the greater because it is sustained by the drama of an intellectual pilgrimage which has no need of events (though in fact there are events enough) to make it compelling reading for anyone who has experienced even as a distant observer the events that in such unexpected ways changed the shape of the world between 1914 and 1945.

No autobiography, of course, is made interesting merely by the events it describes. It derives its importance from the intelligence that plays over the memories of those events and reshapes them to fit its structure, so that while we see the happenings themselves in a new and therefore illuminating way, we are drawn finally by the personality that is at the same time the sacred thread uniting incidents into a significant succession and the emergent destination of that succession.

The historical significance of an autobiography should be neither exaggerated nor ignored. From *An Opposing Man*, for example, one gains fascinating insights into events in Austria of the 1920s and 1930s, when a militant Socialist movement seemed to offer a viable revolutionary alternative to communism, and also into the inner workings of the Comintern during the later 1930s and the effect of the Stalinist tyranny on the minds and lives of Communists and other revolutionaries who had taken a tragically illusory refuge in what they imagined to be the protective fatherland of all Socialists.

But the final outcome of reading *An Opposing Man* is a warm and moving mental picture of one of the most remarkable individuals to play a part in the radical movements of the 20th century. Without putting too much stress on the comparison, I would suggest that Fischer stands in much the same relation to the dedicated practical revolutionaries of our age as Alexander Herzen did to the Bakunins and Mazzinis of the 19th century, often passionately active yet capable of watching himself and others with detachment and even irony. It is not inappropriate that, while E.H. Carr called his classic book on the Herzen circle *The Romantic Exiles*, Ernst Fischer's own book on his life and times should be subtitled (I suspect by its translators rather than by Fischer himself) "The Autobiography of a Romantic Revolutionary."

For the word *romantic* provides an important key to the man we are considering. The two passages I quoted at the beginning of this review suggest something of the complexity of the man—the dualities that made him a kind of living example of the dialectic, dualities of thinker and activist, of individualist and collectivist. In the end it is the thinker-individualist who emerges as most authentic and important, a dominance that of course is almost a prerequisite for the writing of a good autobiography, and that cannot easily be dissociated from the fact that autobiography is a romantic form of writing. One is indeed never unaware of the other aspect of Fischer, the earnest Marxist theoretician whom at times he tried zealously to become, but this persona is always restrained in the play of contradiction by the more emphatically romantic Fischer. And, while I confess to having never been impressed by Fischer in his role as Marxist aesthetician, I find him extremely appealing in the role of romantic autobiographer to which he devoted his last years.

Fischer was born in the class one can perhaps best describe as the Austrian gentry; his father was a worthy but little promoted officer in the imperial army of Franz Josef, his mother somewhat more aristocratic in descent and artistic in temperament. Ernst grew up as a privileged child in the prewar Vienna which combined an active intellectuality with a romantic collective sensibility, the Vienna of Freud and Schoenberg, of Karl Kraus and Hugo von Hofmannsthal and the young Wittgenstein. His ambition was to become a writer and this led him almost inevitably into the verge of leftist politics. Yet when war broke out he became an artillery officer and fought on the Italian front, an experience that becomes the occasion for the first impressive set piece in *An Opposing Man*, a description of the chaos of warfare in the manner of Stendhal's account of Waterloo in *The Charterhouse of Parma*. At this point one not only recognizes that Fischer, in this book at least, is in the mainstream of the European literary tradition but one also witnesses, as the Austrian Army crumbles away, the phenomenon that would shape his future:

> Before my eyes a miracle was happening; the transition from "command and obedience" to the autonomy of the masses, doing what had to be done as a matter of course.

The rest of Fischer's life was spent in the search for a society where that "autonomy of the masses" would remain the principal motivating force. He returned to live in an Austria that had dwindled "into an Alpine province," to undergo the bitterness of patrician impoverishment and, working as a laborer, to find a solidarity among those who were poor from birth that led him to identify his interests with theirs, until he finally imagined that "We had become 'proles,' at first with some embarrassment, but soon with self-conscious pride. We—the proletariat."

Of course, it was an illusion. Fischer never became a proletarian; he became a *déclassé*, half artist and half political leader, though with the consciousness that

> I am a politically committed man, not a politician. Ill-equipped though I was to become one, I was compelled to do so by force of circumstances.

It was in the Austrian Social Democratic Party that Fischer found his main early sphere of action (for he did not become a Communist until 1934, almost at the end of his activist period in Austria). "Never, before or since, I believe, has a Social Democratic Party been so powerful, so intelligent or so attractive as was the Austrian party in the mid-1920s." True as this may be, by the early 1930s the Austrian Socialists were beset by the rising tides of right-wing radicalism in Austria and Germany alike, the Heimwehr and the Nazis; and then took place the epic struggle which ended with days of civil war in Vienna, as the Austrian Socialists, alone among the Germanic leftist groups, fought back strenuously against the forces of reaction. The Viennese struggle of 1934 was soon obscured by the longer and even more

THERE ARE TWO

(Translated from the Old Norse Hávámal)

There are two in each troop
The tongue is the head's killer
Under the fur
I expect the lurking hand

Brian Swann

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tragic struggle in Spain, and was almost obliterated from the collective memory by the events of World War II. Yet at the time it was an event that aroused a bitter sense of defeat among those who witnessed it even from the distance of Britain, as I well remember, and Fischer's narrative, with its vivid descriptions of the events, its analyses of error, its celebration of rank-and-file gallantry, its accounts of personal danger, brings back to one's mind with an extraordinary vividness that month forty years ago when the cannon battered the workers' flats in Vienna and one first sensed the direction in which the dark winds of our age would blow.

Conscious that he, like the other leaders, had unwittingly failed the workers who fought so devotedly in the Schutzbund against the forces of the state and of the right-wing parties, Fischer, who had by now joined the Communist Party, fled into exile in Russia. He joined the staff of the Comintern, working with Dimitrov and Togliatti, for both of whom he retained a lifelong admiration, and he soon fell into the dilemma which trends within Russia at that time forced upon him and others who sustained the fraternal ideals of true socialism. As a Comintern official he was involved in sustaining the cult of Stalin, and yet:

> Each time I extolled Stalin, it meant silencing a dissentient voice inside myself. I silenced the dissentient voice in order to conserve energy and so concentrate the quota at my disposal on the needs of the day.

Fischer evokes compellingly the atmosphere of fear, distrust and half-willing acceptance that prevailed in Moscow at the time of the trials of the Old Bolsheviks, and one of the most telling passages in *An Opposing Man* is that in which he confesses how he himself wrote against Stalin's victims, and then rigorously analyses his motives and his failure of conscience. When one reads this passage one is left with little wonder that Fischer—having returned to his own country in 1945—was in due course expelled from the Austrian Communist Party. For he was through and through a true "opposing man" who instinctively, as he said, "mistrusted any form of power."

> "You believe in the magic of the word," said Dimitrov one day. I did indeed believe in it.

And continued to believe in it to the end with, in this book, excellent results. He retained, as he says at one point, "all the radiance of romanticism as well as all its poison." It is the radiance that mainly emerges in *An Opposing Man*, though, as we have seen, the poison is not hidden.

In a fine introduction, John Berger describes Ernst Fischer's last days, and his death in a Styrian village, at which Berger was present. The conjunction of the two men is felicitous, for Berger, as well as being Fischer's close friend, is also an autobiographizing Marxist aesthetician whose memoirs are likely to be read long after his art criticism has faded into obsolescence. □

And Wide, and Not So Handsome

RIDING HIGH: America in the Cold War. *By Carl Solberg. Mason & Lipscomb. 632 pp. $12.50.*

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

For about two decades, under four Presidents, the public cold war shaped much of American society: narrowing dissent, justifying "big brother" tactics, mobilizing education and science, enlisting the intellectuals, providing "guns and butter," promoting military Keynesianism, siphoning poor youth into the military, and cementing the alliance of government and major corporations. Though these themes have found spirited interpreters in recent years, many questions remain. No one writer has accepted the demanding task of analyzing the impact of the cold war on the many aspects of American society. That is an ambitious venture, requiring, ideally, intellectual boldness and social theory, as well as wide reading and hard work.

Exuberantly pursuing this task, Carl Solberg, a former senior editor at *Time* who was sponsored by Columbia University, has written an ambitious but uneven volume that reflects hard work, wide reading and a willingness to reconsider cherished notions. He strays far beyond his central themes to discuss, from a moderately revisionist perspective, about a dozen "high points" of foreign policy—for example, the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, Suez, the U-2 debacle, the Bay of Pigs and the Cuban missile crisis—in order to relate the cold war to the home front. Sometimes the relationships are loose and strained. Despite some disclaimers, he tries to coerce too many postwar trends—the rush to the suburbs, the emphasis on family, the decay of the cities, the neglect of the environment, even the popularity of golf—into the framework of domestic consequences of the cold war. The result is loose-knit but lively journalism that is better at recapturing the mood of the past than at analyzing it.

Riding High reflects recent revisionist work on the cold war but rejects, without analysis, radical theories about Open Door ideology, economic imperatives, or class domination. Lamenting that American leaders misinterpreted Soviet behavior in the early postwar period and set America on a cold-war course, Solberg concludes that these policy makers were well intentioned but misguided. They misused history, unwisely applied the analogy of Munich, and wrongly con-

Barton Bernstein teaches history at Stanford University, and has edited Towards a New Past: Dissenting Essays in American History *(Random House) and* Politics and Policies of the Truman Administration *(Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co.).*

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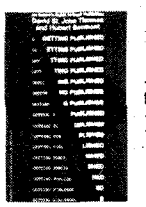

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WHERE AM I GOING?

The 1975 War Resisters League Peace Calendar and Appointment Book

Edited by Lynne Shatzkin Coffin and Wendy Schwartz, with an introduction by Benjamin Spock, WRL's 1975 Peace Calendar carries us back to the land of our birth – childhood – to explore ways of raising children so they will bring the freedom with which they were born into the society we all must share. Prose, poetry, songs, drawings, photographs. $2.75 each, $5 for two. Postpaid.

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cluded that Stalin's Russia, like Hitler's Germany, was bent on aggression. History, for Solberg, is usually the result of men's errors, of unintended and unforeseen consequences.

Along the way he usefully reminds us of events long forgotten—for example, the purging of Communists from organized labor in 1947-48. By removing the Communists, these purges, Solberg argues, stripped away labor's militancy and speeded its alliance with business. That analysis is flawed. Often, by the 1940s, the Communists were not especially militant in union ranks. The purges had an *intended* effect that Solberg overlooks: Union leaders exploited the bugaboo of Reds to eliminate non-Communist dissidents who threatened the leadership and its cozy alliance with business. The cold war ratified, not initiated, the alliance of big business and big labor, for that relationship was built in the war years.

Relying upon some recent revisionist scholarship, *Riding High* rightly notes that Truman and his associates curtailed civil liberties and narrowed the area of respectable dissent. Redbaiting was not the monopoly of the right wing. Unlike some revisionists, Solberg does not conclude that the Truman administration's actions were essential to the rise of McCarthy. In assessing the early Eisenhower administration, Solberg laments that Ike yielded to McCarthy and that John Foster Dulles purged the State Department—a process, critics sometimes forget, quietly initiated by Dean Acheson and Harry S. Truman.

J. Robert Oppenheimer, the brilliant physicist who lost his security clearance in 1954, commands Solberg's sympathies. For him, as for most critics then and now, the main themes of the case are clear: Oppenheimer was a victim of the cold war at home, of the exaggerated fears about security, of the Eisenhower administration and Adm. Lewis Strauss, and of popular anti-intellectualism. In discussing this case, Solberg misses a larger theme that is a critical part of the cold-war culture. Oppenheimer, like most American intellectuals then, believed he could serve truth and the cold-war state, that his expertise would allow him to shape policy. In the quest to be effective in Washington, intellectuals muted their dissent, limited their criticism, and surrendered their independence. They became technicians—servants of the state and of policy makers. In turn, the *critical* intellectuals, who distrusted power and offered fundamental alternatives to the social order, became so rare that they were regarded as idiosyncratics, as mavericks.

Surprisingly, in view of his limited treatment of the Oppenheimer case and its implications, *Riding High*'s most successful contribution is its examination of American education. Relying on scattered scholarship, Solberg recalls the impact of Sputnik—the burst of emphasis on science, on elitism in education, on academic excellence as part of the nation's battle to win the cold war. Improving the schools "was something the ordinary American could do about the cold war." The universities, in turn, he argues, had a dual role—as "holding pens" for youth to be retained and socialized, and as "think tanks" to help the nation win the cold war through economic growth, science and technology. He stresses the rush of the universities, Stanford, Princeton, M.I.T. and others, to set up huge institutes for defense contracts, and he notes the more subtle impact of the cold war on the funding and shaping of Soviet and Chinese studies at major universities. So accepted was the linkage of scholarship, including history, with the promotion of national policy that virtually none questioned the ideology and purposes of these area studies until recent years.

Fans of the Kennedy administration will be troubled as Solberg joins the ranks of its debunkers. The New Frontier, according to the author, prepared the way for the decade of troubles, the deterioration and disruptions. JFK skipped away from the issues that embarrassed him, unreasonably emphasized enemies abroad, and defined priorities for the 1960s without even a national debate. "Mindless growth, trivial private consumption, urban neglect, environmental decay—all gained a free run as the New Frontier took America on new adventures in foreign intervention, yet more costly and sterile arms buildups, and the race in space." This indictment, conceived amid the later disillusionment with the Kennedy promise, blames Camelot for "The Great Postponement."

Usually Solberg has the most difficulty when he moves beyond areas of the political culture to examine other aspects of the cold war on American society. In a strained section, for example, he loosely relates the cold war to the growth of the suburbs. They would have developed anyway, he admits, but "the obsessive governmental concern with national safety . . . reinforced the desire of millions of Americans . . . to buy a house outside the crowded cities, see to the security of their families, and satisfy their appetite for consumer goods." Perhaps these quests had remarkably little to do with the cold war, and one wonders whether Americans felt personally insecure in the 1950s because of the cold war. Their retreat into family and their search for community often represented not simply privatism, as Solberg suggests, but the escape from self—a long-enduring impulse older than American culture.

Riding High, an honestly derivative book, is an opinionated, jazzy survey of the years between Hiroshima and the test-ban treaty. Capturing the mood of these years, this volume will help citizens reflect upon their nation's recent history and is reminiscent, at its best, of the popular journalism of Frederick Lewis Allen. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The music of George Crumb is exceptional, even in this era of conspicuously expanding timbral palettes. Few composers have been so consistently inventive in drawing novel, striking, often beautiful sonorous effects from more or less traditional instruments. Particularly through the use of electronic amplification, Crumb transmutes the decay (the "dying-away" phase) of essentially percussive sounds into a viable imitation of sustained tone, yielding a new and rather special vocabulary. (At the same time, in his hands, the human voice can become a percussion instrument, its normal specialty of rich and complex sustained vowel sounds suppressed in favor of aggressive, short-lived consonants.)

By elevating this normally insignificant and conventionalized portion of percussive sound to a point where it can become the stuff and substance of a music, Crumb achieves a world of sounds continually in the process of dying away: however ingeniously their resonances are amplified and prolonged, the decay remains irreversible. The confident, comforting follow through of most traditional instrumental sound, which can shrink or expand with equal facility, is relatively rare in this music. Crumb's sounds force upon the attentive ear a new bias and acuity, for it must reach out to hold on to these tones as they dwindle to an almost imperceptible shadow.

An expressive consequence surely ensues here, over and above the structural and associative features of the individual works; it is no more readily (or fruitfully) definable in words than are the expressive ambiences of other musics, but it undeniably operates at some level. Within this general range, the individual works do differ quite markedly in character and interest, as was strikingly

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evident at the Composers' Showcase concert on January 9, presented at the Whitney Museum in association with the Fromm Music Foundation at Harvard.

At times, especially in earlier works, Crumb has seemed to rely almost entirely on the fascination of evanescent sounds, on the in-drawing potential of near inaudibility to hold our attention. Much of the vocal music to Lorca texts is virtually monody, a single, tenuously colored thread of discourse spun through and around the voice. Representative is *Madrigals, Book I*, for voice, contrabass and percussion, sung on the Whitney program by Jan DeGaetani with characteristic concentration and mastery, yet to this listener no longer as absorbing as when new a decade ago. That is so partly from the inevitable loss of its particular sonic novelty, but even more because later works in this cycle deploy a wider range of materials to more complex ends (and, not incidentally, allow Miss DeGaetani more fully to exercise her potent personal projection along with her remarkable technical virtuosity).

In *Lux Aeterna* (1971), too, Crumb seems to be exploring structural minimalism, although here set off by elements of the theatricality that has increasingly impinged on his music. From total darkness, the singer lights a candle; the musicians wear black masks; at the end, the candle (and the stage lighting) is put out. During the question period, which has apparently become an obligatory feature of such concerts, Miss DeGaetani spoke persuasively about the effect of the masks upon the performers (particularly the heightened sensitivity consequent upon the loss of eye contact with the conductor); conceivably, in a more intimate setting, the "depersonalization" that Crumb sought vis-à-vis the audience might have signified more than it did in the diffused space of the Whitney Museum.

The concert concluded with the local première of a Fromm Foundation commission, *Music for a Summer Evening* (*Makrokosmos III*), for two amplified pianos and percussion. In recent years, Crumb has written extensively for amplified piano: *Makrokosmos, Volume I* (written for David Burge and recorded by him on Nonesuch H 71293) appeared in 1972, and *Volume II* was brilliantly launched earlier this season by Robert Miller, in the first of his three recitals of American piano music at Tully Hall, an evening that eloquently reminded us, in works of Cowell, Crawford, Wolpe and Berger, of the range and inventiveness of contemporary writing for the instrument. Piano tone does in fact conform to the model of "Crumb sound" that I described earlier, its sustained part comprising a pronounced and irreversible decay. Still, more or less by convention, it has traditionally been treated, by composers and listeners alike, as if it were a sustaining instrument—at least, the rapid fading of every tone has rarely been focused on as the point of musical interest. By amplifying this decay and (frequently) the sympathetic vibrations engendered in the strings either by other strings or by external sounds—in the new piece, the percussionists play into the piano's body with slide whistles—the instrument's tonal palette is rebalanced in favor of resonance, although the sharp attack remains an available and valuable resource.

I confess to a certain ambivalence about the *Makrokosmos* pieces. While admiring the invention and imagination that is palpable in numerous details, I frequently grow impatient with the music's leisurely pace of occurrence. *Music for a Summer Evening*, especially its final movement, with impressive climaxes fading into a mini-gloss on the end of Mahler's *Lied von der Erde*, is more argumentative than the preceding works; should Crumb continue in this direction, he might invent, as it were, a better Messiaen. Despite one's reservations, his is a course to be followed with interest, for each new work speaks with an individual voice.

In the two earlier works, Miss DeGaetani was ably assisted by the Penn Contemporary Players under the direction of Richard Wernick. The performance of *Music for a Summer Evening* had been preceded by four days of recording sessions, and seemed particularly alert and responsive; the pianists were Gilbert Kalish and James Freeman (topping off a rather spectacular demonstration of versatility, for he played double bass in the *Madrigals* and sitar in the *Lux Aeterna*), the percussionists Raymond DesRoches and Richard Fitz.

The gallery space of the Whitney is hardly ideal for concerts, acoustically vagarious and unfocused. Yet something about these events draws a warm and willing audience (willing, among other things, to be squeezed, sardine-like, onto plastic cushions on the floor), both attentive and demonstrative. It isn't quite true that the old faithful New York audience for contemporary music—the same forty or fifty people you used to see at all such concerts—is dead; we're still there, but happily outnumbered on most occasions by cheerful and multi-

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farious crowds, predominantly young and—most encouragingly—very different from one concert to the next. Each series, each ensemble, each composer has, to a degree, an independent audience; and the sum of these audiences must indeed be considerable—worth, perhaps, some intelligent market research on behalf of all the sponsoring organizations, yielding data that might in addition be useful to more staid institutions like the Philharmonic that want to do more in this direction but don't always succeed in reaching the potential audience. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Judging by his *Black Picture Show* (Vivian Beaumont Theatre), Bill Gunn as dramatist and director is a man of notable but as yet undisciplined talent. There is strong feeling in the play; there are passages of excellent writing and, in dialogue and staging, one brilliantly conceived scene. But the play lacks steady focus. It is about the events of a lifetime that led to the insanity and early death of Alexander, a filmmaker and playwright, whom the author calls a "Black Artist." His story is presumably being told by his son, J.D., a successful film director.

The hardships which beset Alexander are manifold. His father neglected him, his mother so loved him as to create a notorious complex. One may have fostered rage in him, the other weakness. Such paired hazards might damage anyone—black, white, artist, tradesman or laborer.

J.D., born of Alexander's first wife, has suffered somewhat from his father's hostility. They are divided by a professional competitiveness, but much deeper are their different attitudes toward their blackness. J.D. calls himself a counter-revolutionary. He has turned from the struggle for freedom to indifference, and is now bent chiefly on making money—which hardly distinguishes him from many other "revolutionaries," whatever their race or color. Alexander, J.D. feels, remained too "idealistic" in relation to both art and his fate as a black man.

Caught in his dilemma, Alexander, who gained a modicum of renown as a screen writer, has by his abrasive manner toward the Establishment fallen badly into debt. His second wife, Rita, much more worldly wise, persuades him to play host at a dinner for a ranking (white) movie producer who may well assign him to work on a projected film.

At the start, Alexander tries to be as modest as possible with his guests, the brazen producer and his dizzy Hollywood wife. J.D. hates seeing his father being submissive to these evil people: he is no longer indifferent, but wholly indignant. In this scene Alexander and his wife are both *symbolically* murdered. By the end of the play Alexander and J.D. are reconciled through recognition of their almost equivalent torment and their sense of mutual need as father and son.

The episode in which the Hollywood couple humiliates Alexander in the process of "buying" him reveals both the strength and the flaw of the play. Realistically, the depiction of the viciously arrogant pair—and especially the wife—corrupt with a vulgar and essentially depraved sophistication, is a tour de force of writing, staging and acting. But having the producer insist that Alexander lower his trousers and pick up the five $1,000 bills from the floor as a sign of acquiescence in the deal is only a metaphor and therefore a dissonance in what might otherwise have been a completely credible as well as convincingly harrowing scene. The styles clash here, just as the ideological struggle between the blacks confuses and intrudes on the play's main line. Its dramatic core is not reinforced by the mixture of themes: the social matter is obscured by the characters' private and personal obsessions; the first is not inevitably related to the second.

Further, the writing veers from a crudely effective vernacular to prose-poetry and perhaps verse. The latter fails to register, not merely because it is indistinctly spoken but because it serves no dramatic function. It seems even more a "decoration" than the music which accompanies much of the action. Gunn tries to do too many things at once; the play becomes disordered. Yet one recognizes a genuine heartbeat; it is a living experience.

It is well acted by Dick Anthony Williams as Alexander, though he seems a bit too young or not sufficiently "broken" for the role; by Albert Hall as J.D.; by the sensuously vivid Carol Cole, who plays both Alexander's distraught mother and his powerfully pragmatic wife. Paul-David Richards does well as the coldly ruthless producer and Linda Miller is truly outstanding, both funny and horrifying, as his wife. Peter Harvey's setting is interesting in its attempt to encompass the various and dissonant aspects of the play's composition.

The Wiz, the new musical version of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, with a book by William F. Brown, music and lyrics by Charlie Smalls, is a whiz of energy and a storm of raw color (Majestic Theatre). The whole makes a sort of Walt Disney festival. The voices are splendid, especially those of Tasha Thomas, Stephanie Mills, Ted Ross, Mabel King and Dee Dee Bridgewater. Clarice Taylor is winningly humorous as Addaperle. Geoffrey Holder has directed the production with a fine sweep of movement, and Tom H. John's scenic effects are diverting in a nice old-fashioned way.

There is not much fairy-tale tenderness or charm in the show, but the zest and vigor, the high notes and their sudden transformation and reversal of register, thrill the audience by a combination of Broadway zip with a lift that recalls black singing at revival meetings.

Shenandoah is a musical with score by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell and book by James Lee Barrett, Peter Udell and Philip Rose (Alvin Theatre). It is based on an original screenplay by James Lee Barrett in which James Stewart starred some years ago. The playbill does not mention that the first *Shenandoah* was a highly successful Civil War play, written in 1888 by Bronson Howard, America's first professional playwright.

If the present *Shenandoah* has a point, it is that war is bad and no cause justifies it—a generally accepted but dubious thesis—and that when it breaks out everyone is swept along in its savage tide—which is certainly true. Though these things are said, there is little dramatic sinew in the assertion. What makes the show work, for one act at least, is the homely sentiment of another (theatrical and social) age, the likable cast, the good singing by nearly everyone—and especially by John Cullum. The songs and their delivery tend to become monotonous after the early numbers; there is too little originality or variety in them.

If I do not express myself more enthusiastically about these musicals, my notices of them are raves compared with what I might say about such box-office successes as Neil Simon's *God's Favorite* and Murray Schisgal's *All Over Town* if I undertook to review them. Still, in all fairness, I must avow a liking for Vincent Gardenia in Simon's comedy variant on the Book of Job and for Cleavon Little, Pamela Payton-Wright, Barnard Hughes, William LeMassena and Polly Holliday in Schisgal's farce, cleverly directed by Dustin Hoffman. □

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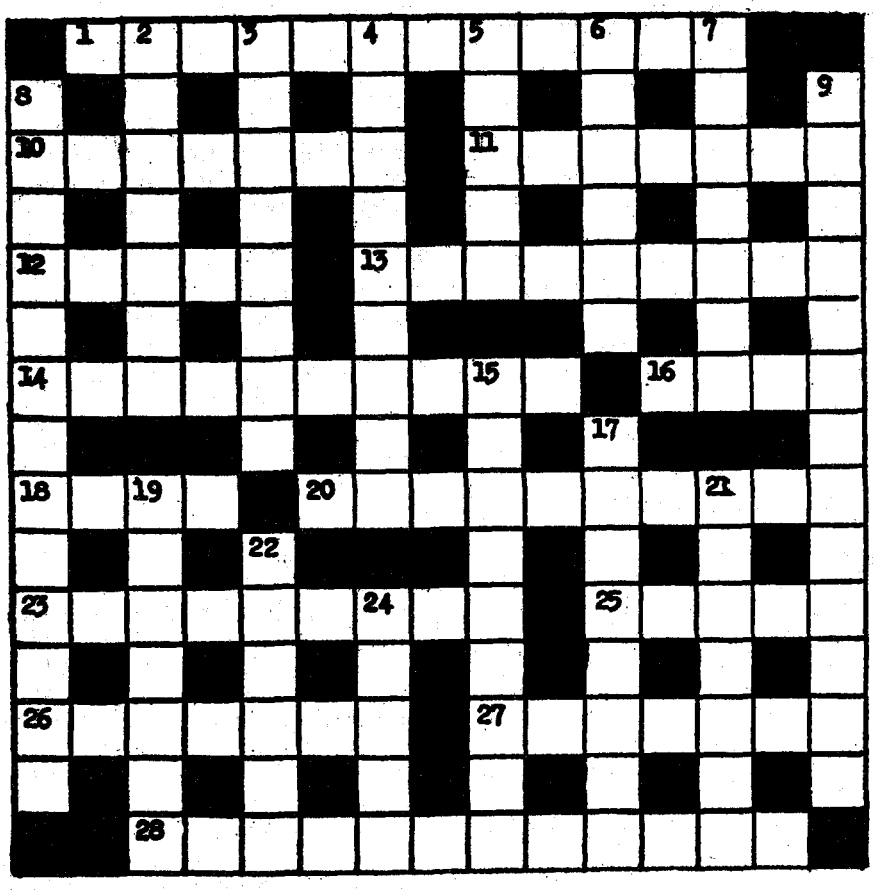
Crossword Puzzle No. 1569

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Attic story of the struggle to rise? (4,2, 3,3)
10 They should be found round where he is hemmed in by a bad press. (7)
11 Not quite courageous enough to end up in trouble—but at least a display of courage! (7)
12 Self-proclaimed educational status displayed by the feet? (5)
13 Primarily where pirates were active. (2, 3,4)
14 Can leap out, possibly, from the melon patch. (10)
16 A fraction of 1 divided by 10, formerly used in drafting. (4)
18 A uniformed trouble-handler inside is reputedly mischievous. (4)
20 Brief descriptions, of course. (10)
23 Implying an equalizing blow? (3,3,3)
25 and 22 down Spice up the secret communications, showing which wires go where! (5,6)
26 China about to get worse, though you might be doing it to the letter! (7)
27 See 2 down
28 Vigorous and persistent. (4-8)

DOWN

2 and 27 But the story isn't about slavery in the usual sense. (2,5,7)
3 Gives a chap a rating as one with the best aims. (8)
4 Some nitty-gritty (if gritty means rough) given in court? (9)
5 Smoking jacket alternatively as a possibility? (5)
6 One following the line might be fired. (6)
7 Massed troops—or one of those things on their feet. (7)
8 But it can't rescue a baseball team, despite its reputation! (1,6,2,4)
9 London's equivalent of Pennsylvania Avenue isn't found up in F Street's neighborhood. (7,6)
15 Give a friend a place to eat, and hope that the food is! (9)
17 Runs off with most of the cash and all of the bonds? (8)
19 Petulant pussy-cat, this, in a way! (7)
21 Chanty? (It's what some go to the seaside for!) (4,3)
22 See 25 across
24 One might, before coming home. (3,2)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1568

ACROSS: 1 Fast and furious; 8 Angel of mercy; 10 Allegories; 11 Pate; 13 Tinker; 14 Algerian; 16 Equation; 17 Strict; 19 Orgy; 20 Coming home; 22 Clear as a bell; 23 Keep your chin up. DOWN: 1 Foam at the mouth; 2 Sign language; 3 Allegretto; 4 Defers; 5 Unevenly; 6 Inch; 7 Give one the slip; 9 Pacific ocean; 12 Hectograph; 15 Colorado; 18 Mid-air; 21 Flap.

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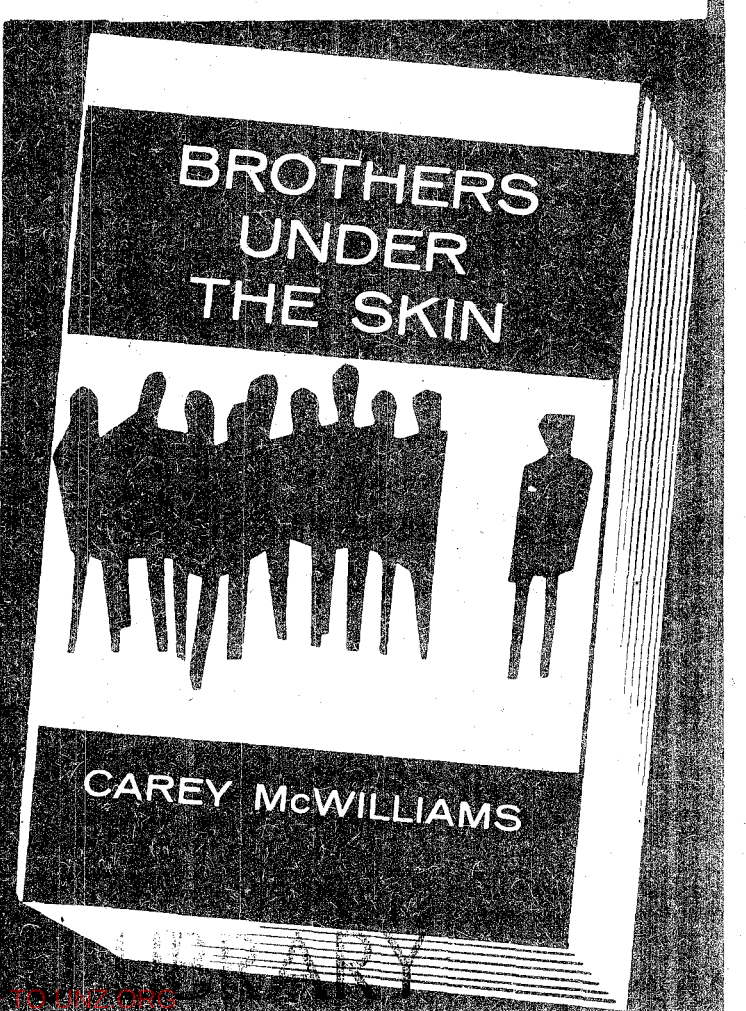

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